BRISTOL IS BUCKS COUNTY'S METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE Is the Leading Paper of BRISTOL

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895. NO. 45

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.00, 11.00 A. M., 7.00, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 6.00, 7.45, 9.00, 12.00 A. M., 5.00, 7.30 P. M., Closes at 6.00, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.40, 6.10 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and eaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Change of Time.

In effect Thursday, June 13th, 1895:

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia, week-days, 7, 7.45, 10 and 11.45 a. m.; 2, 4 and 5 15 p. m.

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia, Sundays, 8.00 and 10.30 a. m.; 1.30, 4 and 5.15 p. m.

Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, week-days, 7.45, 10 and 11.30 a. m.; 2, 4.30 and 6 p. m.

Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, Sundays, 8 30 and 11.30 a. m.; 2, 4.30 and 6 p. m.

Leaves Bristol for Trenton, week-days, 11.45 a. m.; and 5.05 p. m.

Leaves Bristol for Trenton, Sundays, 10 25 a. m., 1.30 and 5.20 p. m.

Leaves Trenton for Bristol, week-days, 8.45 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

Leaves Trenton for Bristol, Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 12.15 and 3.45 p. m.

Steamer Trenton stops each way at Florence.
Excursion to Philadelphia, 40c.
Single fare to Philadelphia, 25c.
Excursion to Trenton, 25c.
Single fare to Trenton, 15c.

☞ July 4th, same time as Sunday.

THE INTER-STATE STEAMBOAT CO. TIME TABLE.

A cheap and enjoyable excursion every day, including Sundays.

Steamer Pokanoket

on and after Sunday, June 9th, 1895, will leave Bristol at 8 45 a. m. for Philadelphia and Lincoln Park. Arrive at Philadelphia about 10 15 a. m., arrive at Lincoln Park about 11.30. Returning, leave Lincoln Park at 2.30 p. m.—giving three hours on the grounds. Will leave Philadelphia for Bristol, Florence, White Hill and Trenton at 4 p. m. from Walnut Street wharf. Fare to Philadelphia, 25c. Excursion, 40c. Bristol to Lincoln Park and return 50c.

The 10 30 trip from Philadelphia to Bordentown and return will be discontinued from the above date.

Steamer Florence

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8 30 a. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 3.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS—Leaves Bristol for Phila., 9.30 a. m.
Leaves Phila. for Bristol, 6 30 p. m.

Boats land in Philadelphia at Walnut Street.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect January 14th, 1895.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St), *2.46, 5 35, 6 30, 6.51, 7.21, 7 41, *8.12, 8 23, *9 14, 9.51, *10.26 A. M. 12 05, 12.56, *1.17, *8.08, 3.10, 4 02, 4.55, 5 37, 5 43, 6.25, *7.00, 8.09, 8 30, 9.27, *11 03 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10 26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.00, 5 43, *7 21, 8.00, 8.50, 9 28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St), for Bristol, 12 01, *4 30, 6.07, 6 28, *6.50, 7.34, *8.14, 8 30, 9.52, *11 14 A. M. 12.01, 12.50, 1.50, 2 43, 3.82, *3 52, 4.30, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6 00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9 17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12 01, 7.40, *8 30, 9.05, 11.45 A. M. 2.00, *5 20, 5 53, *6 20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, *10.00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—The GAZETTE is for sale at Jones' News Agency, next to the post-office.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

—The commencement exercises of the Bristol High School will be held on Friday evening, June 21.

—St. Paul's Mission propose to begin the erection of their new building on Jefferson Avenue, next month.

—The annual commencement of St. Mark's Parochial School will be held in the School Hall, on Friday evening, June 21.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—The steamboat "Trenton," running between Bristol and Trenton, will hereafter make but two round trips a day, the 8.45 a. m. trip up the river being discontinued. The boat stops each way at Florence.

—The School Board have contracted with the New Jersey Church & School Furniture Co., of Trenton, for 400 oak tilting-seat chairs for the Assembly Room in the High School building. They are expected to be placed in position next week.

—The Republican County Committee met at Doylestown on Monday and decided to hold the county convention on Monday, September 23rd. The convention for the election of delegates to the State convention will meet on Monday July 29th.

—James Wright, borough treasurer, gives notice in the advertising columns of to-day's paper that he will be at the Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday, June 26th and 27th, for the purpose of receiving the borough taxes. An abatement of 5 per cent will be allowed for prompt payment.

—During the months of June, July and August, Rev. E. A. Rook will preach twenty-minute sermons at the Baptist Church, on interesting subjects. Beginning with next Sunday evening a series of sermons will be preached on Heaven. Sunday Evening June 16th, "Heaven a definite locality." Sunday evening, June 23rd, "Our bodies in heaven." Sunday evening, June 30th, "Where is heaven?"

—On Wednesday evening, June 5th, the regular session of Hermione Division was held in Riverview Hall. Three Knights, A. Weir Gilkeson, W. H. Hall, Jr., and Horace G. Young, were admitted to the double Triangle and raised to the rank of Sir Knight. Col. McCollough, of the third regiment, and Dr. McCabe, third regiment surgeon, were present and assisted in conferring the work.

Personal Mention.

Miss Lee Fanshawe, of Germantown, is the guest of the Misses Swain.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Weir Gilkeson are visiting relatives at Anandale, N. Y.

Miss Buckman, of Easton, Pa., is visiting at her brother's, Mr. W. G. Buckman.

Miss Laura Steel, who has been spending a week at Pottsville, has returned home.

Mrs. George Young, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her father, Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields.

Judge Amos Briggs has moved from Philadelphia to his Summer home in Tullytown.

John Dorrance, Jr. has graduated from the Boston School of Technology and is now at home.

Mr. Lardner V. Morris, is in South Jersey for three months on a engineering trip for the Pennsylvania railroad.

The Misses Warner and the Misses Cubeen go to Chadds Ford, Delaware Co., this week, for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Daniel P. Hastings, wife of the Governor, was in Bristol this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gilkeson.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Phillips, of New York, were in Bristol several days this week the guests of Mr. and Mrs Symington Phillips.

Miss Lillian Shields, daughter of the Rev. Dr. F. P. Shields, was one of the graduates on Tuesday, at the Presbyterian School at Burlington, N. J.

Miss Helen Scott, daughter of Mr. Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the Farmers National Bank, graduates to-day at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J.

Miss Rosa May Tyler, daughter of Captain George F. Tyler, of the Inter-State Steamboat Company, graduated on Tuesday at the Girls' Seminary at Bordentown, N. J.

Miss Rose Crichton, who has been for several years in the east, left Bristol on Tuesday to rejoin her parents at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where she expects to remain.

Edwin Gould's tally-ho party, including Mr. and Mrs. Gould, Miss Mariotta Ludington, Miss Jennie Shrady and Mr. J. C. Baldwin, passed through Bristol last Monday evening, en route for Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Copeland, of England; Mrs. Bonsall and Mrs. Crowder, of Germantown; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Fox, Jr., of Philadelphia; and Mrs. Fries, of Tioga, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bailey, on Tuesday.

Council Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting of Council was held in the Council Chamber on last Monday evening. There were present: B. C. Foster, President, and Messrs. Clark, Milnor, Moss, McCarry, Pearson, Roche, Scull, Smith, Spring, Scott, Willingmyre, Weaver, Whiteley and Wright, Councilmen.

The Finance Committee reported that the public property in the borough had been inspected, the town house cleaned and whitewashed and that the property of the borough was in good condition, except that a portion of the fence at the America Hose, Hook and Ladder Co., needed repairing. The report criticised the incurring of bills by the Police Committee on business that belonged to another committee and thus using the funds appropriated to another committee's use. Mr. Scott, the chairman of the Police Committee, made an explanation and said that the case was an emergency one, that it rightly belonged to the Police Committee and that the expenditure would come out of the appropriation to his committee. The report was accepted and filed.

The Street Committee reported in answer to the petition from Dorrance street residents that it had no funds available for macadamizing that street; that no record could be found of the acceptance of Wilson street by the borough; that the stone road on the upper end of Mill street was near completion, and in the opinion of the committee would be a better peice of road and constructed at less cost than any other in the borough. The report was accepted and filed.

The Police Committee reported ten arrests during the month and 80 tramps lodged in the station house.

The Fire Committee reported that it had two applications for superintendent of fire alarm system, viz: Frank T. Chambers and McCoy & Gosline. On motion of James Wright an election was held and Frank T. Chambers chosen as the superintendent at a salary of $100 per year.

James Wright presented his bond with sureties for the sum of $34,500 conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties as borough treasurer. On motion the bond was accepted and sureties approved.

The Women's Christian Association, of Philadelphia, made application for privilege of connecting drain of Whelen Home with Radcliffe street sewer. The matter was referred to the Street Committee with power to act.

The list of names for which warrants had been asked for by the borough delinquent tax collector and which had been laid over for action at this meeting was non est inventus, and on motion the issuing of the warrants was postponed until after a special meeting of council was held.

A petition for light on Race street was referred to the Street Committee with power.

A petition to repeal present ordinance relating to merry-go-rounds, numerously signed by citizens of all parts of the borough was presented and referred to a special committee to revise the ordinance or frame a new one.

Charles Weiks and Adolph Mitchell each asked to be appointed Garbage Collector. The applications were referred to the Health and Sanitary Committee.

On motion of James Wright the Street Committee were directed to present an ordinance at a special meeting of Council pertaining to the regulation and running of bicycles within the borough limits.

Bills amounting to $1,006.16 were presented, read and passed, and Council then adjourned

—The marriage of Barclay H. Warburton to Miss Minnie Wanamaker, daughter of John Wanamaker, will take place to-day, at the home of the bride's father, Lindenhurst, Chelten Hills.

W. C. T. U.

Devotional meeting of the W. C. T. U., next Wednesday afternoon, June 19, 4 p. m.

Court of Inquiry.

The "unpleasantness" existing between Commander Wright of the First Naval Batallion, of the first part, and Lieutenants Burnet Landreth, Jr., J. B. Marie and Carleton B. Zeilin of the second part, has culminated in a court of inquiry, the first session of which was held last Monday. The causes which led to the charges which were preferred against Commander Wright by Lieutenant Landreth are that the Commander ordered Lieutenants Landreth, J. B. Marie and Carleton B Zeilin to resign on the score of incompetency. The officers named forwarded their resignations, which were held at Brigade Headquarters without action. Commander Wright, finding that the resignations were not accepted, tendered his resignation, but, upon learning that Mr. Landreth had asked for a court of inquiry, withdrew his resignation and the court was ordered.

The charges, nine in number, recited that Commander Wright uniformed a band of forty men who were not enlisted, and that the expenditure was not authorized by the State or naval battalion, that a bill of $000.00, if paid was a misappropriation, and if still due, is contrary to law; also that Commander Wright purchased uniforms for all the officers, and if the bill, amounting to $1872.66, was paid, that was a misappropriation, and if still due, is unlawful; also that in August, 1894, he enlisted thirty men as seamen and detailed them as musicians in a band; these men were left at League Island and where not on the annual cruise, yet drew money from the State and the difference due them as musicians was paid from battalion funds and was not authorized; that the detail of such men was without authority of law; that the Commander contracted divers debts of $3319.97 and $1090.15 to S. M. Wanamaker & Co. and F. A. Hoyt & Co., which are unpaid and has caused the good name of the battalion to be brought into disrepute; that he opposed the election of Landreth; that he behaved with discourtesy to Colonel Morrell, of the Third Regiment, and, finally, that his conduct is generally so unofficerlike, inefficient, arbitrary and discourteous that discipline has been impaired and the membership fallen off to less than the minimum required by law.

Testimony in support of the allegations was given by the Lieutenants Landreth, Marie and Zeilin after which the session adjourned to reconvene on Monday next, when Commander Wright will give his version of the matter contained in the charges.

Meeting of the School Board.

The School Board met on Thursday evening, June 6th, and attended to the usual business connected with the final meeting. The Treasurer's annual statement, properly audited, was the principal object that claimed the attention of the Board. The usual number of copies, as required by law, were ordered to be printed in the customary form.

Immediately after its adjournment the new Board met, and when the recently elected members had been duly qualified, the following were chosen as temporary officers;—for President, Wm. H. Booz; for Secretary, Harvey S. Rue.

The salaries of the Secretary and Treasurer were made the same as last year, namely, $125 and $100 respectively. The bond of the Treasurer was fixed at $15,000.

The permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers, for the ensuing year:—

President—John K. Wildman,
Secretary—Harvey S. Rue,
Treasurer—Edward H. Foster.

The tax-rate, after due consideration of all points involved, was fixed at a sum, which, added to that already assessed by law to provide for the bonds, amounted to thirty-five cents on the $100.

Ten months was adopted as the school year, to begin September second.

A special meeting for the election of teachers and janitors was appointed for Wednesday evening June 26th.

The usual number of the "Pennsylvania School Journal" was ordered for the use and edification of the directors.

Methodist Church News.

Sunday was a busy day at the M. E. Church. At the morning service the Infant School was present and participated in the exercises preceding the deliverance of an appropriate sermon by the pastor. In the afternoon, at the Sabbath School the time was spent in rehearsing the exercises for the evening service. In the evening the regular "Children's Day" exercises were held. The "Emma Pitt" service was used, the beautiful but intricate music being rendered in a highly efficient and commendable manner by the Sunday School Choir and Orchestra. The Church was beautifully decorated with ferns, roses and daisies, and at both the morning and evening services was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The open air twilight service at 6.30 was also well attended. Mr. Ulysses G. Lippincott, an enthusiastic Epworth League worker, of Burlington, N. J., was present and delivered a very eloquent discourse, his subject being, "Pulling against the stream on straws." At the conclusion of his remarks the pastor, Rev. C. H. Rorer, made a brief address, after which the service was brought to a close.

On next Sunday evening the meeting will be addressed by Mr. Idell H. Wood, Assistant Secretary of the Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia, the title of his address being, "Earnestness," or "On Fire for God." Mr. Wood is an enthusiastic worker in the ranks of the Y. M. C. A., the teacher of an Evangelistic Bible Class and an able and earnest participant in the Sabbath afternoon services of the Association. It is therefore safe to presume that all who attend will be doubly repaid.

X. Y. Z.

—The annual meeting of the Union Building and Loan Company was held on last Monday evening. The same officers and directors were re-elected. There were no loans sold. The Secretary's statement showed that the receipts for the year were $19,328.14, and the total assets, $70,784.13. There are seven series of stock in existence, the 3rd series issued in June 1886, being the oldest. The value of this series is $147.59 per share; the 4th series is worth $135.65; the 5th, $115.94; the 6th, $88.19; the 7th, $58.57: the 8th, $44.24, and the 9th, $23.70

Knights of Phythias Visitation.

On Tuesday evening, June 11th, about thirty members of Hermoine Division, No. 10, U. R. K. P. of Bristol, paid a fraternal visit to Defiance Lodge of Newtown. The object of the visit was to stimulate and encourage a desire to start a Uniform Rank at that place. They were received upon arrival by a committee from the local Lodge and headed by the Newtown Brass Band, participated in a short street parade over the prominent streets of the town. Arriving at the Lodge Room, the session was at once convened and the first degree (Rank of Page,) conferred upon two candidates. Under "Good of the Order" addresses were made by Col. Albert Richmond, of Phila., Capt. W. V. Leech, Lieutenants Lewis C. Whettling and Robert H. Neeley, Sir Knight W. H. Hall and J. H. Bunting of Hermione Division, and several members of the local Lodge. Refreshments were served at a late hour, after which the visitors started for home, well pleased with the hospitalty of their country brethren and happy in the consciousness that some seed had been dropped which would take root and finally grow and develop into a healthful and substantial Division of the Uniform Rank.

Tours to the North via Pennsylvania Railroad.

To provide the most attractive method of spending a summer holiday, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to run two delightful tours to the North. The points included in the itinerary and the country traversed abound in nature's beauties. Magnificent scenery begins with the journey and ends only with its completion.

The names of the places to be visited are familiar to all and suggestive of wonderland. No matter how much may be expected, one cannot be disappointed in Watkin's Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Quebec, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, or the Highlands of the Hudson. The dates fixed for the departures of these two tours are July 16 and August 20, and the round-trip rate of $100 from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington will cover all necessary expenses during the time absent. A beautiful descriptive itinerary can be procured from the tourist department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia

Railroad Trolley a Success.

The success of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's experiment of operating its line between Burlington and Mount Holly with electricity instead of steam is practically assured. A number of railroad officals were present last Monday to witness a test of the new system. They were delighted with the results of experimental trips. The road is of standard Pennsylvania gauge and a train was run between Burlington and Mount Holly in thirteen minutes.

A petition is being circulated by Burlingtonians on Broad street asking the company to bring the trolley into town. There is a decided change of sentiment in regard to the proposed laying of a double track on Broad street. Many residents who protested against another track are now heartily in favor of the trolley extension.

If the railroad company is allowed to extend its tracks the station at Burlington will be moved and remodeled and a number of changes that will prove beneficial to the public will be made.

An Alleged River Pirate.

George W. Scott, now confined in Trenton prison, is wanted in this county for larceny. It is alleged that Scott is a regular river pirate, who has been operating along the Delaware from Morrisville to Bristol for two years.

Last Summer he was located on the Pennsylvania side, but has made New Jersey his rendezvous of late. On April 30 last, Harry Woolsey, of Falls township, lost a boat, which he subsequently found in possession of Captain Jones, of this borough. Captain Jones had purchased the craft from Scott, taking the latter's receipt for it.

A warrant for Scott's arrest was sworn on May 2, and placed in the hands of Constable Haldeman, of Morrisville Borough, who captured Scott in Trenton on Thursday last, and had him committed to jail to await a requisition.

A THUNDER STORM.

BY ELMA C. WILDMAN.

Not a leaf was moving; not a ripple disturbed the transparency of the river, and such a stillness reigned as is only known in the twilight of a summer evening. The bright, full moon, duplicated in the water beneath, shown serenely down, and every star was in its place as out of the recently illuminated gates of the west there came a troop of clouds muttering to themselves and preparing for an assault. They moved rapidly across the sky, uniting as they came, till the tapers that burned in the realm of ether were hidden, every one, and earth lay wrapped in shadows awaiting the mercy or vengeance of her besiegers.

A few rain drops began to fall; then faster they came, and then a wild torrent was let loose. The lightnings flashed forth in splendor, throwing their flaming halo on all things, hidden or revealed, and the great trees stood like infants before the storm with rended trunks and outstretched arms for pity and for life.

Then the slumbering Hermes rose to battle with the thunder as it rolled its mighty bolts, sometimes along the pavement of the clouds, sometimes in the innermost depths of the earth, and the globe trembled before them. The quiet waters were stirred into motion, and great waves with feathery plumes dashed shoreward, and, falling seemed to echo from their hallow throats—"backward, backward, backward."

But the enemy's strength was failing; there were breaks in the ranks of clouds, and then they rolled majestically back, still sending out volleys of red fire, which pierced the air and faded away in the stream below. Then "the moon rained out her beams and heaven was overflowed," and looking on the children of earth seemed to say in sad, reproachful tones—"Why did you fear? Knew ye not that behind these masses of flame and darkness I was standing, calm and triumphant in my circlet of stars?" And in the silence that followed it was given unto all hearts to comprehend this truth,—behind all darkness and all storm-clouds, and all sorrow there is a radiant light, for the sun and the moon and the stars are forever shining, somewhere.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BASE BALL.

Last Saturday the Bristol team went to Florence and met defeat at the hands of the umpire. Seven runs were scored by the Florence team which they should not have had, but for his one sided decisions. The features of the game were a catch of a hot liner by Silbert, Minster's catching and Booz's work at short. The score:

BRISTOL A. A

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
W. Allen, cf	0	1	2	0	0
Booz, ss	1	2	1	6	2
Fenton, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Bradey, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Garretson, 2b	2	1	1	1	1
Wm. Allen, 1b	1	0	7	0	2
Minster, c	2	1	10	1	0
Wooters, 3b	2	2	1	0	1
Silbert, p	2	1	1	3	0
Totals	10	9	24	12	7

FLORENCE A. A

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Weeast, cf	1	1	0	0	0
O. Donnelly, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Moses, c	1	0	7	2	0
Cheesman, ss	0	0	0	3	4
Rinear, 1b	2	1	12	0	1
Stiles, 2b	2	2	3	3	1
E. Donnelly, 3b	2	1	2	1	2
Aikins, lf	3	1	3	0	0
Green, p	1	3	0	2	0
Totals	12	10	27	11	9

INNINGS.

Bristol A. A	0	3	6	0	1	0	0	0	0	—10
Florence A. A.	1	1	0	3	2	1	0	4	*	—12

Earned runs—Bristol 5; Florence 2. Two-base hit—Booz. Three-base hit—Green. Struck out—by Silbert 7; by Green 6. Base on balls—off Silbert 3; off Green 2. Wild pitches—Silbert 2; Green 1. Passed balls—Minster 2; Moses 1. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Strick.

***

We couldn't play the umpire.

Minster keeps up his good work.

Wooters and Booz got two hits each on Saturday.

Next Saturday the Bristol team will cross bats with Palmyra.

Silbert pitched winning ball last Saturday. But the umpire was playing.

Bristol Tennis Club Items.

New members are being continually added to the club.

A tournament for the Fourth of July would be a good idea.

Horace Swain is conceded to be the club's crack artist with a racket.

The grounds are now in excellent condition and quite a few of the club are taking advantage of this fact.

The two high back nets are a great improvement, facilitating more playing and less chasing after balls.

Phil. Halzell, who is vested with the office of secretary and treasurer, is ever on the look out for his just dues.

The weather of late has been very poor for out of door sport. It has savored either too much of ice creamishness or been so wet as to necessitate gum boots.

The committee on arrangements chosen by the club is composed of the Treasurer, Miss Anna Runyan, Miss May Peirce, Frank Gilkeson and George C. Hughes.

It has been proposed that the club have a series of little teas or spreads, to be given in the afternoon on the grounds under the trees. They would be much enjoyed by all.

FOLIO.

ZIG-ZAG FISHING CLUB FORMED.

A number of fishermen, who consider themselves genuine sportsmen, have felt the need of an organization or club for the purpose of social enjoyment, protection of fishing interests, and the relating of marvelous exploits of wonderful catches, and having failed as yet to find a respectful and attentive audience who would believe their marvelous stories, have determined to organize a fishing club to meet the emergency and fill the long felt want.

The number of charter members is small and the members desire all persons interested in piscatorial matters to join with them in the formation of the above club.

Any person mailing a letter directed to the Zig-Zag Club, box No. 161, Bristol, Pa., enclosing a fish narrative, will be admitted to membership and receive a license. All communications must be signed by the writer (not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith).

To encourage the success of the club all persons who are interested in piscatorial matters are earnestly requested to contribute.

The organizers of the club feel that it will be to the interest of all anglers to have such an association or club, and to facilitate and encourage the same a premium of value of less than five dollars will be awarded to the individual sending in the best fish story.

The following is the proposed Constitution and By-Laws, to be voted for by the members at the next regular meeting.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

Article i. The name of this Association is "The Zig-Zag Fishing Club."

Article ii. The object of the club is to bring together all the ardent followers and disciples of Isaak Walton residing in the town of Bristol and vicinity for the purpose of the protection and propagation of game fish in the river Delaware, Neshaminy Creek, Silver Lake and all other rivers, lakes, creeks and streams wheresoever situate in the county of Bucks, inhabited by members of the finny tribe, and for the further purpose of preventing and prohibiting the perpetration of any false, deliberate, wilful and malicious fish narratives by the members of the club and the people at large without a license duly issued by the aforesaid Zig-Zag Fishing Club.

Article iii. The regular place of meeting of the Zig-Zag Fishing Club shall be any place in the county of Bucks designated by the club at its regular monthly meeting or wheresoever a sufficient number of qualified members of said club may assemble together to carry out the objects as set forth in Article No. ii of the Constitution and By-Laws.

Article iv. The following requirements are necessary for membership:

1st. The applicant must be or must have been a follower of our patron Saint Father Isaak Walton

2nd. He must have made some phenomonal catch worthy of relation.

3rd. He must write out on clean paper in ink, on one side only, a narrative of one or more thrilling fishing experiences which he may have had, and the same must be mailed to Zig-Zag Club, box No. 161, Bristol, Pa., it will then be read before the next regular meeting, when a vote will be taken to ascertain whether or not the narrative is of sufficient merit to admit the candidate to membership.

4th. He must be able to bait his own hook and take off the fish when caught without applying to any member for assistance. On failure to comply with this provision he will be subject to fine as set forth in Article No.

5th. He must be strictly truthful when out of club.

6th. He must never utter the truth when in the club.

7th. He must be able to write his own name or make his mark.

8th. He may be a native of any clime or speak any language, but it is an absolute requirement that he be able to speak.

9th. He must be the owner of his own fishing tackle and buy his own hooks, as the club will "neither a borrower nor lender be, as a loan oft loses both itself and friend," and particularly the loan.

10th. He must pledge himself never to reveal any of the mysteries or secret work of the club to any person not duly authorized to receive the same.

Article v. The officers of this club shall be a President, Secretary, Historian and Chief Fisherman.

Article vi.—Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preserve order, never to refuse to treat the club members, never to polish his fishing shoes, and not to drink the bait.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the minutes of the proceedings of the club, to issue licenses, to spend all monies coming into his hands, to try to keep a record of all fish caught, and never eat fish.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Historian to preserve all the fish stories related by the members of the club, to record in the club history all funny incidents happening to any member of the club and to purchase all bait.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Chief Fisherman to furnish piscatorial advice, to clean all fish caught, to weigh the fish by their scales, put the fish on the stringer, to have every catch photographed at the expense of the Historian, to rescue the members from drowning if they fall into the water, and to do anything else the members want him to do.

Article vii.—Certificate of Membership. It shall be the further duty of the Secretary when an applicant is admitted to membership to furnish such newly elected member with a certificate of membership, to be in the following form:

CERTIFICATE.

Ancient Reckless and Independent Order of Prevaricators.

LIAR'S LICENSE 1895.

This is to certify that..............................
is entitled to lie from the first day of June, 1895, to the first day of June, 1896, he being a duly qualified liar, and having satisfied Zig-Zag Fishing Club that he is a fit and proper person to hold a license.

Witness my hand and seal this.......day of ...., A. D., 1895.

....
(SEAL) Secretary of Zig-Zag Fishing Club.

This license will be issued to any person complying with the requirements set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws of the Zig-Zag Fishing Club.

(To be continued in next issue.)

B. B. C. Notes.

June 16th, 9 a. m., Ferry, Bristol Bicycle Club to Riverton.

Some of our members have been trying moonlight riding on the country roads, and claim the riding is best at night.

The "Magnolias" had their re-union at Hulmeville last Sunday, and from all accounts had a most delightful time.

W. Wilkinson, of the Bristol Bicycle Club, rode last Sunday from Bristol to Long Branch and return in 10 hours, distance 122 miles.

A. A. Zimmerman is going against his best record at Mount Holly, next Saturday, a number of the club riders will be going over to the races.

Frank Dampman rode the entire 150 miles in last Saturdays Tri-State Relay Race and made the distance in 11 hours 16 minutes. The race was won by New Jersey, Pennsylvania second and New York last.

On the club run to Fairmount Park, the boys had their first accident this season, one wheel badly broken, necessitating the rider taking the train: the others managed to repair their wheels so as to be able to ride them home.

S.

—The American people are waiting to see whether the President will appoint an American or a Cleveland man as United States Minister to Venezuela. The chances, judging the future by the past, seem largely in favor of the latter.

—Chicago only claims 1,695,000 population in her new city directory. She must be astonished at her moderation. It would have been just as easy to make it 1,700,000.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 13, 1895.—Colonel A. Louden Snowden, X-Minister to Spain, X-Minister to Greece and Roumania, X-Postmaster, X-Superintenent of the mint, X-Chief Coiner of the mint and X-Captain of the City Troop has a brand new X which attracts quite as much attention as the numerous others. The latest acquisition is formed by two strips of black court-plaster, and is worn upon the brow, being a memento of a personal encounter with a former employee of the mint named Colonel Runkel. While nearly everybody sympathises with Colonel Snowden, inasmuch as the assault upon him was unprovoked, yet the affair has its ridiculous side and has created a great deal of talk and amusement among men about town. The Colonel is very much in earnest in his prosecution of the offender, and it is likely to go hard with him.

***

The town has been given over to visitors this week. Between the visiting newspaper men, the plumbers, the dancing masters and the Lutheran ministers, the hotels have fared well. The delegate who does not sport several yards of ribbon with buttons and badges isn't in it. Business is a secondary matter with all of the visitors save the Lutherans, whose convention has been a serious matter. There has been a continual whirl of banquets, receptions, luncheons, drives and excursions, and the entertainments as well as the opportunity to see the city ought to do much to dispel the old fogy notion that Philadelphia is a slow town.

***

The failure of the Legislature to make an appropriation to defray the expenses of the Senate Committee which is to Lexow Philadelphia places the committee in a queer predicament. If the appropriation had been made the committee could have pursued its work in its own way and at its own pleasure. Offers are now made by individuals and associations to supply funds, and if these offers are accepted the committee at once loses its independence. When the movement was started it was doubtless thought that some things might be looked into, and others discreetly ignored, but the persons who offer to foot the bills want no trifling and they will insist upon everything being investigated which they may think to be crooked. A great deal of corruption was found in New York and New Jersey, and it is very possible indeed that Pennsylvania and her chief city are no better morally than her neighbors. When the committee meets in August it must make a decided stand either for thorough work or to abandon its task.

***

The courts of Philadelphia are becoming very arbitary, and they are attempting to usurp the prerogatives of another branch of government. The founders provided for three distinct provisions, legislative, judicial and executives, but the judges of Philadelphia are over stepping their bounds and encroaching upon the fields of the legislators and thereby upon the rights of the people. They have made a request of the building commission, which is construed to have the force of an order, that rooms be fitted up for the courts at once in the public buildings. The commission has no money for this purpose. It is the province of Councils to vote the appropriations and yet it is proposed to go ahead and expend many thousands of dollars and then through the same courts which make the request or order, mandamus the city and thus compel it to pay out large sums not authorized by the legislators elected by the people to keep a hand upon the disbursement of public funds. The proceeding is wholly wrong in principle.

F. D. M.

The Little Tycoon.

The production of Willard Spenser's comic opera, "The Little Tycoon," at the Broad last evening fully realized the high expectations entertained of its revival. It was splendidly put upon the stage in the matter of scenery and costumes, the Japanese illumination in the second act being particularly a marvel of electric beauty and novelty. As to the company, it was at its best and largest. The result of such a combination was, of course, a thoroughly fine performance—solo or chorus seldom being passed without enthusiastic demands for repetition. These evidences of interest came out especially in the singing of Miss Catherine Linyard as Violet and Mr. Digby Bell's doings as the General. The latter's new and pointed topical song, "What Could the Poor Man Do? was insisted on until further compliance was out of the question. Apart from a slight nervousness that wore away as the play advanced, Miss Gladys Wallis made an entirely satisfactory and very promising Dolly. Armstrong as Alvin Barry, Dunbar as Rufus, and Eva Davenport as Miss Hurricane attended to their requirements in a way that met general favor and the others of the cast with the chorus were excellent. A large and fashionable house was present, and between the fine cooling arrangements of the theatre and the fall in temperature the pleasure of the night was complete.—Philadelphia Times.

A Great Resort.

Lincoln Park began its season with the biggest Decoration Day it ever had and each day since then has seen thousands of people take the trip to this beautiful spot. The public at large realize that when they want a first-class resort to visit the proper place to go is Lincoln Park. None know this better than the ladies and they are not slow to take advantage of the fact that they can spend an afternoon at this pretty place in perfect security.

Wannemacher still continues to give lovers of good music a treat every day. His selections are of the finest and his artists are all first class. You can hear classical or popular airs to your heart's content. If you have a special piece you would like to hear let him know and it will be played. The fairyland illuminations at night have been a great card for the Park. When all the little globes are lit it is indeed a beautiful sight. It will be soon extended to the pier, which looked so pretty last year. Connections for this beautiful place can be made at Bristol with the Steamer Pokanoket.

Nearly everyone needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier.

ABSOLUTELY PURE
THE OLD RELIABLE
SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTE
Has stood the Test of Time
MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHERS

No Cause for Worry.

The esteemed Philadelphia Record remarks with a fine attempt at sarcasm that "the American people are not losing any sleep o' nights over the Treasury deficit." Quite right. The American people are not worrying over the deficit in the Treasury or the utter inadequacy the present tariff to provide the Government with the revenues which it requires. They know that early in December a Republican majority will be on guard in the House of Representatives. They know that the Republican party is thoroughly competent to repair the blunders which Democracy has made, and they feel entirely confident that March 4, 1897, will witness the incoming of a Republican President and Congress.

That is why the nation is not in the least disturbed by the condition into which Democratic incapacity has thrown the finances which Republicanism administered with distinguished success, and Democratic newspapers like the Philadelphia Record are doing the Republican party a service in calling attention to the fact.—N. Y. Advertiser.

—The June number of the sprightly quarterly, Tales from Town Topics, appears in a new and specially designed modern art cover, and presents as its leading features a brillant metropolitan story, entitled, "A Very Remarkable Girl." Cynthia Platte, the "remarkable girl" in question, is bright, cynical, observant and wholly independent of the conventional trammels that bother those who surround her. There are other characters equally fascinating. No more interesting companion than "A Very Remarkable Girl" could well be found for an idle summer afternoon. Short stories, sketches and verses make up the remainder of the book. Town Topics Publishing Company, 208 Fifth Avenue, New York.

—Nine thousand people paid a quarter each to look over the big steamship St. Louis before her departure for Europe. The eyes of the marine world are on the new vessel, and if she is equal to her name, she will be lucky and go down in history.

—The Secretary of State ought to be a man of commanding ability and influence, like Webster, Seward or Blaine; but Olney will answer very well as a representative of the melancholy mediocrity of present Democratic statesmanship.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bough from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Are You Going?

The tickets to Denver, Col., and return for the meeting of the National Educational Association will be on sale July 3rd, 4th and 5th at rate of one standard fare, with two dollars added, for the round trip. Teachers and others that intend taking advantage of the low rates can have sleeping car reservation made in advance and get full information as to cost of side trips to the principal points of interest throughout Colorado and Utah.

Reduced rates by addressing John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, Williamsport, Pa.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My son was afflicted with catarrh, I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

A Hunting Trip

Is as important to many a man as a meal of victuals. Where to go nowadays is not an easy matter for many to determine. A little book called "Natural Game Preserves of North America," just published by the Northern Pacific Railroad will aid you in this. Send CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., four cents in stamps and he will send it.

Oregon Fruit Lands

Still maintain their reputation as the finest of their kind. Let me send you some pamphlets bearing on the subject. You may want a home in that mild, balmy land. Send four cents to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. B. C. Foster

Invites the public to call at his jewelry store and inquire about the 200 persons who have had their eyes examined and have been successfully fitted with glasses during the past year. An experienced and competent optician will examine eyes free.

Say, Boy, what time does that eight o'clock train leave? I dunno—'bout sixty minutes past seven I b'lieve. Why don't you git a Rand-McNally Guide?

MARRIED.

TREXLER—STRADLING.—On June 12th, at the Memorial M. E. Parsonage, Philadelphia, by Rev. E. E. Burriss, Mr. Isaac Trexler, of New Britain, to Miss Laura C. Stradling, of Edgewood, Pa.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

STORY OF THE BURRO

THE LITTLE "SAD EYED PHILOSOPHER OF THE WEST."

Though a Pygmy In Size, His Strength and Endurance Are Wonderful—He Is Ever a Pioneer—His Bray Like the Warcry of the Whole Apache Nation.

Strangers have to laugh when they see the burro. His small body, enormous ears and look of preternatural wisdom are as good as the clown in a circus, but nevertheless this pygmy divides the honors with the railroad in building up and developing the southwestern part of our country, particularly New Mexico.

Where the railroad lays down its burden there the burro takes it up. Not much bigger than a mastiff, he is yet as strong almost as a horse. As a saddle animal you would spurn him, not because he couldn't carry you, but for the reason that if you [illegible] your chin your feet would strike ground, and Mr. Burro would quietly walk off, leaving you behind him on the road. It is as a pack animal that the burro excels. He is patient, strong and sure footed. His board is not expensive, for such costly delicacies as oats and hay are to him as strangers. From the time he was weaned from his mother he has known no other rations than such as he could procure by nibbling the grass by the wayside.

On his patient back the lonely prospector ties his worldy possessions, and following behind with rifle and staff threads the mountain trails in search of the new El Dorado. The delving miner, far up in cloudland, uses him to carry sacks of precious ore to the smelter and bring back in return food, clothing and even water to drink. When the mine, which began as a mere prospect hole, sinks deeper and deeper into the mountain, the burro assumes an added role—this time to bring lumber for bracing the shafts and galleries, or perchance to build a more permanent residence for the miner himself.

When the mine has been established on a paying basis, so that a large number of men are required for its operation, then a settlement is formed around its mouth, and the iron rails are laid to connect it with civilization. The burro's work is finished here, and he pushes on to other fields of usefulness, far in advance. He is ever a pioneer.

The word burro is simply Spanish for donkey. Yet a burro is smaller than a donkey—just a pocket edition of one, as Lummis happily puts it. The difference in size probably comes from a difference in food and work, continued through many generations. So far back as history extends the burro has been abused, overworked and left to "hustle" for himself. No wonder he is small.

But notwithstanding his scanty dimensions he is wonderfully strong and enduring and will grow fat on rations that wouldn't keep a horse from starvation. These qualities, coupled with his sure footedness, are the reason for his being so valuable as a pack animal.

His sure footedness comes from the instinct of self preservation, which is far better developed than in the horse. So far the instinct is profitable, but it sometimes leads to great annoyance. One day while a burro train was being guided down a mountain canyon the leader came to a place where the trail led across the bed of a stream. A torrent rushed over it in the rainy season, but now it was simply dry sand, as hard almost as a pavement.

The burro refused to cross, and finally had to be pulled from the front and pushed from the rear. Then, when half way over, he deliberately lay down and commenced to groan.

The cause was this: The sand recalled to his mind a time long ago, when he had stepped on just such an innocent looking place. It was smooth and dry and yellow and gave every indication of plain sailing. His little feet had gone through, however, and he would have sunk out of sight in the quicksand beneath had he not been rescued with ropes in the nick of time. Catch him trying that experiment again! Doesn't he know a quicksand when he sees it?

But what discourages a burro quicker than anything else is wetting his ears. He is very sensitive about those grotesque appendages under any circumstances, but wetting them simply breaks his heart. If while swimming a stream, a few drops of water touch their inner membrane, he will give up and drown. This is no fiction. The fact has been verified many times, although the reason may seem absurd.

Children are very fond of burros as pets, and many are brought from the west by rail to be used for that purpose. To their attendants they are at once the most amusing and provoking of creatures. In the cars they are all right, but when it is necessary for them to cross a city the trouble begins. They will not lead, neither will they be driven, and then, in desperation, the impatient porters lift and carry the kicking, struggling burros to the wagon. They are no sooner tied than they throw back their heads in such a manner that they must inevitably strangle if left to themselves. The only way in which they can safely be transported is tied behind a wagon going at a "snail's gallop," with a rear guard armed with a stick to keep them moving.

When the children get their pets, there is amusement for the whole family. Their long ears, small stature and look of vast wisdom have a resistless attraction. They are very gentle, too, and soon become attached to their owners. But if you value sleep or have near neighbors keep your burros stabled at night. A back yard may seem just the right place, and with your new pets therein a few nights may pass in peace, but do not be deceived. Some night you will be startled from your slumbers by such wild screams and shrill yells that you will imagine the whole Apache nation charging on your defenseless domicile. It will be the burros braying. The "sad eyed philosopher of the west" is merry enough when he takes the notion.—New York Herald.

More Chance of Appreciation.

Mrs. Van Riche—I'm determined that my daughter shall have a chance to show what she can do. I have arranged for her to sing before some opera singers and afterward to read a paper on art before some painters. Could I have her do more than that?

Mr. Sinnic—Yes. Have her deliver the lecture on art to the opera singers and sing before the painters.—Chicago Record.

A Theory of a Broken Devil.

The story goes that when the devil was cast out of heaven he fell to earth and broke into several pieces. His head rolled into Spain, his heart into Italy, his stomach into Germany and his feet into France. This is why, says the legend, the Spaniards are so haughty, the Italians so amorous, the Germans so gluttonous and the French so fond of running after women—Chips.

Water and Lightning.

According to a recent lecture of Professor Schuster of London, the safest course for a human being in a thunderstorm is to get thoroughly wet. Benjamin Franklin remarked that he could kill a rat when dry by means of an electric discharge, but never when it was wet.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 10, 1895.

Cotton Dress Stuffs

No wonder the counters are thronged. Modest cottons and exclusive cottons—all dancing to the double-quick of lessened prices as the mill men let us help them close out their season's lines.

At 4c a yard.

Printed Lawns. Colorings put on with same care that is given expensive ones.

At 6c a yard.

A large collection of choice patterns in Gingham from a manufacturers' clear-up sale. Never sold under 10c.

At 8c a yard.

32 inch fine Lawns; quality and colors made to sell at 12½c.

At 10c a yard.

Printed Dimities, all sorts of styles; most of them reduced from 12½c.

At 12½c a yard.

32 inch Woven Duck, white and tinted grounds in neat patterns. Were 16c.

At 12½c a yard.

More than 100 styles of perfect corded Ginghams; never sold under 25c.

At 18c a yard.

Scotch and Domestic Ginghams, all of [illegible]

Scotch Mull, woven colors, stripes, checks and plain. Something new. Reduced from 25c.

Dress and Shirting Madras, every pattern made for this season's selling. Reduced from 25c.

At 25c a yard.

Swivel Silks, dark and light colors and the newest of designs. Should be 50c.

Thin Black Goods

Challis and Albatros are standard stuffs among the hot-weather dress goods and already the selling has nearly doubled last year's—but the dollars received count about the same. It's the same story of being able to bring you the most popular goods at half and there-about.

All-wool Challis.

28 inch, 25c — 40 inch, 65 and 75c
38 inch, 37½c — 42 inch, 85c
40 inch, 50c — 42 inch, $1
44 inch, 50c

Silk-and-wool Challis

44 inch, 50c, 65c, 75c—you've bought them at double, not so very long ago.

All-wool Albatros.

34 inch, 25c — 38 inch, 37½c
46 inch, 50c

Serge

As hurt-proof a stuff as ever was wove, it has come to be the standard; the one right woolen for outing wear, that, with a shake and a brushing, comes up smiling for street wear and lots of usual occasions. Navy, black—fast color or worthless—

45 inch, 50c.
50 inch, 65, 75 and 85c.
56 inch, $1, $1.25 and $1.50.
60 inch, $1.25 and $1.50.

Shower-proof Serge—

48 inch, $1.
54 inch, $1.25,
60 inch, $1.25 and $1.50.

Window Screens

Fifty sorts and sizes are ready—mostly adjustable; a little sliding taking the place of expensive carpenter work. For instance, 20 Screens 20 inches high, closing narrow enough for any window, and opening to 34 inch, 15c each.

Screen Doors—all the regular sizes, complete with spring hinges and handles, $1, $1.50 and $2.

Refrigerators

We would have had more to say about Refrigerators if the makers had been able to keep up with our orders. Plenty to-day again—ideal food keepers, built with an eye to their easy management. Next to no corners or hard places to keep clean. Ice chests, too. The chests start at $3.50 and the refrigerators stop at $67.50.

Continental Against the World

All the world is a-wheel. Will you join the throng who find heath and pleasure in this ideal exercise? Not much to pay for a high-grade wheel since we entered the field with the Continental. Every useless expense is cut from the selling; not a dime is skimped from the wheel.

Continentals are durable and fast. In the Quaker City Century Run on Decoration Day a Continental finished first! All the Continentals in this run came through in first-class condition.

Model 26, G. & J. tires, $55.
Model 27, Hartford tires, $57.50.
Model 29, Hartford tires, $75.
Model 30 (22 lbs.), Hartford tires. $80.
G. & J. tires, $5 extra.

Ladies Continentals.

Model 25, "N. Y." tires, $60.
Model 28, "N. Y." tires, $75.
Model 31 (22 lbs.), "N. Y." tires, $80.
G. & J. tires, $5 extra.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Board Wanted.

A young lady wishes board for the summer. Private family consisting of few persons preferred. Address,
H. E. W., Trenton, N. J.

Miscellaneous

ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF THE—

FINANCES

—OF—

Bristol Borough Public School District

For the Year ending 6th Month 1st, 1895.

EDWARD H. FOSTER, Treasurer.

DR.

Balance cash on hand 6 mo. 1st, 1894	$ 2,900 99
State appropriation	6,261 26
Received from taxpayers	5,550 86
" " Collector—Duplicate 1893	277 96
" " " 1894	700 00
" " E. N. Booz, (fines)	28 00
" " Non-residents, (tuition)	118 70
" " Sale of stove, fence, etc.	14 00
Loan—E. N. Grundy estate	15,000 00
" Rebecca Grundy	4,000 00
Premium on loans	380 00
Total	$36,311 77

CR.

Superintendent's salary	$ 800 00
Teachers salaries	8,105 00
Janitor's salaries	1,504 00
Secretary's salary	125 00
Treasurer's salary	100 00
Tax receiver's commissions	117 00
Books and stationery	831 48
Repairs and addition	529 08
Fuel	533 57
Printing	124 57
High School Building	16,411 53
Steam heater (High School building)	1,680 00
Furniture (including black-boards and gas fixtures)	1,235 79
Out-buildings (Wood st.)	730 49
New fence (Wood st.)	521 17
Grading and paving yard	409 49
Flag pole	151 45
Insurance	390 00
Interest	360 00
Attorney fees	75 50
Rent	87 00
Freight and drayage	45 00
Water rent	65 67
Care of clocks	25 00
School Journals	14 85
Sundries, including Delinquent Tax Collector's commissions	156 12
Balance	1,429 61
Total	$36,311 77

ACCOUNT OF COLLECTION OF SCHOOL TAX.

EDWARD H. FOSTER, Receiver.

Duplicate for 1894		$ 7,584 80
Received the first sixty days	$5,332 01	
Five per cent. discount on above	280 63	
Received the last thirty days	518 85	
Delinquent balance	1,453 31	
		$ 7,584 80

ACCOUNT OF COLLECTION OF DELINQUENT TAX.

Uncollected balance, Duplicate of 1893	$ 342 36	Amt paid Treasurer, Duplicate of 1893	$ 277 96
Delinquent Duplicate 1894	1,453 31	" " " 1894	700 00
		Remits and errors " 1893	64 40
		" " " 1894	183 19
		Uncollected balance " 1894	570 12
Total	$1,795 67	Total	$1,795 67

RESOURCES—Cash in Treasurer's hands, $ 1,429 61
Real estate and personal (estimated) 57,200 00
Total resources, $58,629 61
LIABILITIES—Bonds outstanding, 19,000 00
Net resources, $39,629 61

R. B. KELLY,
GEO. W. LOUDERBOUGH,
P. J. BARRETT, } Auditing Committee.

Approved by the Board at the Annual Meeting, held June 6, 1895

Attest—B. C. FOSTER, Secretary. J. K. WILDMAN, President.

SEALING WAX.

Some Interesting Facts as to Its Make, Color and Fashion.

It is singular enough that the oldest known printed recipe for making common sealing wax, published at Augsburg in 1579, describes the use of almost the same ingredients as those at present employed. Rosin, the whitest that can be obtained, venice turpentine and vermilion are the components. For black wax lampblack is to be added; for blue wax, smalt, and for yellow, orpiment. When sealing wax was more widely used than is the case at present, scented wax was an article frequently on sale at fancy stationers, but in this epoch of feverish impatience and hurry, although our Gallic neighbors may have their sealing wax code with a different signification for each color, we rarely go beyond the employment of black wax for announcements of a funereal and mortuary kind and of red wax for business letters. On the whole, it may be said of sealing wax as of quill pens—nine out of ten prefer a steel pen to a quill one, and about the same proportion prefer using a gummed envelope to the trouble of sealing a letter with wax.

Before the introduction of the penny post envelopes were rarely used because extra postage was charged for every paper inclosed in another, and for years afterward a four page quarto letter was folded so as to be self contained. When envelopes were first sold, they were not gummed, so sealing wax was used. When such letters went across the equator, mostly in sailing vessels, the wax used to run and stick all the letters together, especially when the ship "got into the doldrums," and frizzled becalmed near the equator for days at a stretch. It is quite within modern memory when postage stamps were first perforated. Before that they had to be cut apart with scissors or a knife or to be torn from the sheet to the disadvantage of a clumsy operator. The little disks called "wafers" seem to have gone right out of fashion.—Stationer and Printer.

HIS ART TOO REAL

Young Salvini Given a Dose of His Own Medicine With Good Results.

Alexander Salvini, or Young Salvini, as he is more popularly known, is an actor who endeavors to identify himself as much as possible with whatever character he assumes.

In consequence he has been known to work up his enthusiasm to such an extent at various times during his performances that positive danger both to himself and those who happened to be near him was imminent. In his extensive repertory there is no character he delights to assume more than that of Philippe d'Artagnan in Dumas' "Three Guardsmen."

One night, while playing this role before a large audience, his enthusiasm got the better of his judgment, and in one of the scenes where he is supposed to engage in a conflict he made several vicious lunges with his sword at his antagonist and succeeded in wounding him severely. His opponent, William Redmund, seeing that the young actor had lost his head, quickly put himself on the defensive, and, lunging back at him, gave him a severe wound near his right eye so that the sight of that optic was impaired for the time being.

The wound quickly brought the young actor to his senses and prevented what might have been a genuine tragedy. He apologized humbly to Mr. Redmund and promised to place a restraint on his emotions when so engaged in future.—New York Dispatch.

Green No Protection to the Eyes.

The rage for green as the color which best protects the eyes is savagely condemned by Professor Fuchs of Vienna. He denies that it has any beneficial effect whatever, and says that green newspapers, green glasses and green umbrellas are all a mistake. His theory is, at all events, plausible. It is that each different color tires a different set of nerves and vision, and therefore looking at one particular color saves one set of nerves at the expense of another. The best method, he points out, is to dim all the rays of light by smoked or gray glasses, which rest all the optic nerves.—London Globe.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS B. DOUGLASS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

SERRILL DOUGLASS,
Or, MERSHON BROS., Administrator.
Attorneys, 1416 Chestnut St., Phila.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT BAKER, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

M. KATE BAKER,
Or GILKESON & WRIGHT, Administratrix.
Attorneys.

Lincoln Park

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

On the Delaware River, 12 miles below Phila.

Fast Steamers. Amusements of every description. Three grand concerts daily. Fairy-land illumination nightly. Baseball, Picnic and Athletic grounds.

☞Steamers hourly from Race and Christian Street.

Fare—round trip, 25 cents.
Children under 12 yrs, 10c.

Notice.

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO CONTRACT any debts for my account after this day.
May 6, 1895. LEWIS CONLEY.

Teachers' Examination.

EXAMINATION FOR TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES for Bristol Borough School District will be held in the High School Building, Saturday, June 15th, beginning at 9 o'clock.

MATILDA S. BOOZ,
Supt of Schools.

$350,000

The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Railway Company,

PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST MORTGAGE 5 PER CENT. COUPON 30 YEAR

Gold Bonds

In denominations of $1000 and $500. Principal may be registered.

FREE OF ALL TAX.

Interest Payable May 1st and November 1st, in Philadelphia.

TRUSTEE:

The West Philadelphia Title and Trust Co.

THE ABOVE BONDS are secured by a FIRST MORTGAGE upon the entire property of The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Company, covering all the real estate, tracks, franchises and property of every kind and description now belonging to, or which may hereafter be constructed or acquired by The Holmesburg, Tacony and Frankford Electric Railway Company.

Conservative estimates, based upon results attained on similar lines, indicate that the net earnings of the Company should be in excess of $40,000. The amount required to meet interest payment is $17,500.

Early application will be made to list the bonds upon the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. Pending the engraving of the bonds interim receipts will be issued, exchangeable for said bonds.

The Charter of the Company, the Ordinances of the City of Philadelphia and the form of mortgage have been examined and approved by George Wharton Pepper, Esq., Ormond Rambo, Esq., and Messrs. Morgan & Lewis, Philadelphia. The opinion of these gentleman may be seen at any time.

We offer these bonds at 95 and accrued interest, subject to sale or further advance in price without notice, and recommend them as a safe and desirable investment. Over twenty-five per cent of the total issue has been taken in advance of advertisement and printing of prospectus. Copies of the Mortgage, Ordinances, Prospectus, Maps and Engineers' Report, will be furnished on application at our office.

FRANK F. BELL & CO.

BANKERS,

1414 South Penn Square,
(Opposite City Hall),
PHILADELPHIA.

Borough Tax Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Treasurer of the Borough will be at the Town Hall

Wednesday and Thursday, June 26th and 27th,

From 9 a. m. until 6 p. m., to receive the Borough Tax.

An abatement of FIVE PER CENT will be allowed for prompt payment.

JAMES WRIGHT,
Borough Treasurer.

THE HARDWARE DEALER.

A MAGAZINE brim full of practical ideas from hardware men. The cream of 1000 brains. 116 pages. Only $1 a year. Sample copy free. O. T. MALLETT, Pub., 78 Reade St., New York.

Miscellaneous

An Ordinance

Making appropriations for the use of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 29th day of February, A. D, 1896.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That the sum of sixteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-five (16,785) dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated for the use of the various departments of the Borough of Bristol for the year ending the 29th day of February, A. D., 1896, as follows:

For covered gutters and crossings, materials for repairing streets, salary of Street Commissioner, labor and incidental expenses of Committee on Streets and Highways, and for stone pavement as much as can be laid for the money, three thousand eight hundred (3,800) dollars.

For salaries of regular and special police, three thousand three hundred (3,300) dollars.

For contingent expenses of Police Committee, three hundred and fifty (350) dollars.

For appropriations to Fire Companies, three thousand one hundred and fifty (3,150) dollars, as follows:

Bristol Fire Company, No. 1, four hundred and fifty (450) dollars.
America Hose, Hook and Ladder Co., No. 2, three hundred (300) dollars.
Second Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Third Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Fourth Ward Company, fifty (50) dollars.
Building Association dues No. 1 Company, one hundred and twenty (120) dollars.
Contract for Gamewell fire alarm system, one thousand two hundred and seventy (1,270) dollars.
Fire alarm box on Otter and Linden streets, one hundred and fifty (150) dollars.
Salary for Chief of Fire Department, eighty (80) dollars.
Salary for Assistant Chief, forty (40) dollars.
For contingent expenses for Fire Committee, five hundred and ninety (590) dollars.

For lighting streets, three thousand (3,000) dollars.

For collecting garbage, six hundred (600) dollars.

For medical attendance and burial of poor and for temporary relief of same, three hundred (300) dollars. PROVIDED, That no portion of said sum shall be used in relieving persons who should be [illegible]

For maintenance of the Board of Health, five hundred (500) dollars, viz:
Salaries of Secretary and Health Officer, two hundred and forty (240) dollars
Extra police service, fifty (50) dollars.
Vaccination, fifty (50) dollars.
Printing and advertising, fifty (50 dollars.
Abating and removing nuisances, one hundred and ten (110) dollars.

PROVIDED, That the said sums, or such part thereof as shall be needed, shall be paid out on orders drawn by the proper officers of the Board of Health, which orders shall state distinctly the items for which they are drawn.

For interest and state tax on Borough loan, four hundred and ten (410) dollars.

For salaries, three hundred (300) dollars, viz:
Town Clerk, two hundred (200) dollars.
Borough Attorney, fifty (50) dollars.
Borough Treasurer, twenty-five (25) dollars
Keeper of Town Clock, twenty-five (25) dollars.

For printing and advertising, five hundred (500) dollars.

For care of public property, one hundred and fifty (150) dollars.

For interest on loan from bank, twenty-five (25) dollars.

For incidentals, one hundred (100) dollars.

For contingent fund, three hundred (300) dollars.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol, this 13th day of May, A. D., 1895.

BYRAM C. FOSTER, President of Council.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Approved this 14th day of May, A. D., 1895.

RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN,
Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

An Ordinance

To repeal an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance prescribing the terms and conditions upon which the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol consent to the construction, maintenance and operation of Street Passenger Railways operated by electrical power upon certain streets in said Borough, which said streets are by ordinance to be hereafter named, set forth and described, and imposing regulations, conditions and restrictions in respect to Street Passenger Railway Companies using electrical power in the operation and maintenance of poles and the stringing of wires thereon by such Companies, and imposing conditions, regulations and restrictions upon such Street Passenger Railway Companies in respect to the maintenance of their tracks and road bed."

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

That an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance prescribing the terms and conditions upon which the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol consent to the construction, maintenance and operation of Street Passenger Railways operated by electrical power upon certain streets in said Borough, which said streets are by ordinance to be hereafter named, set forth and described, and imposing regulations, conditions and restrictions in respect to Street Passenger Railway Companies using electrical power in the operation and maintenance of their Railways; in respect to the erection and maintenance of poles and the stringing of wires thereon by such Companies, and imposing conditions, regulations and restrictions upon such Street Passenger Railway Companies in respect to the maintenance of their tracks and road bed," and which said Ordinance was duly enacted upon the first day of May A. D. 1895, be and the same is hereby repealed.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 13th day of May A. D. 1895.

BYRAM C. FOSTER, President of Council.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Approved this 14th day of May A. D. 1895.

RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN,
Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co

BRISTOL, PA., May 7, 1895.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NATHAN TYLER, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

GEORGE F. TYLER,
WILLIAM C. TYLER,
Or their Attorney, Executors.
JOHN C. STUCKERT. 6-13

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMILY M. L. HELLINGS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

JESSE HELLINGS,
Or his Attorney, Executor,
JOHN C. STUCKERT. Dover, Del.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE McGILL, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

REV. CHAS. J. VANDEGRIFT,
Or, GILKESON & WRIGHT, Executor.
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN ADAMS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrator.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY STRONG, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

REV. C. J. VANDEGRIFT,
Or, A. WEIR GILKESON, Executor.
his Attorney,

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM E. JEFFRIES, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

PHŒBE JEFFRIES,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Executrix.
Attorneys.

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. The John T. Cuting Co., 133 Duane St. N.Y.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE.

To the Taxpayers of Bucks County.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly, entitled an Act relating to the collection of STATE and COUNTY TAXES in the county of Bucks, approved March 29, 1859, and also for the collection of DOG TAX, the County Treasurer will meet the Taxpayers of said county, at the following times and places, to receive the taxes assessed for the present year, 1895:

BENSALEM TOWNSHIP—Trappe, Monday, May 20, at S. C. Worthington's hotel.
BENSALEM TOWNSHIP—Andalusia, Tuesday, May 21, at L. O. T. Hall's hotel.
BRISTOL TOWNSHIP—Newportville, Wednesday, May 22, at George Boehmler's hotel
HULMEVILLE BOROUGH—Thursday, May 23, at John Johnson's store.
FALLS TOWNSHIP—Fallsington, Friday, May 24, at John Severn's hotel.
TULLYTOWN BOROUGH—Saturday, May 25, at Henry Lovett's hotel.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—First Ward, Monday, May 27, at William Fine's hotel.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Second Ward, Tuesday, May 28, at Fred King's store.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Third Ward, Wednesday, May 29, at the Closson House.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Fourth Ward, Friday, May 31, at James Blanche's restaurant.
BRISTOL BOROUGH AND TOWNSHIP—Saturday, June 1, at William Fine's hotel, Bristol
MORRISVILLE BOROUGH—Monday, June 3, at John Hellings' hotel
YARDLEY BOROUGH—Tuesday, June 4, at Aaron Slack's hotel
LOWER MAKEFIELD TOWNSHIP—Edgewood, Wednesday, June 5, at John W. Parker's store.
LANGHORNE MANOR BOROUGH—Thursday, June 6, at J. S. Wright's hotel.
MIDDLETOWN TOWNSHIP—Friday, June 7, at J. S. Wright's hotel.
LANGHORNE BOROUGH—Saturday, June 8, at Louis Steeble's hotel.
NEWTOWN BOROUGH—Monday, June 10, at Sipron C. Keith's hotel.
NEWTOWN BOROUGH—Tuesday, June 11, at Sipron C. Keith's hotel.
NEWTOWN TOWNSHIP—Wednesday, June 12, at Wentworth's store.
WRIGHTSTOWN TOWNSHIP—Thursday, June 13, at Edward Tomlinson's hotel.
NEWTOWN TOWNSHIP—Friday, June 14, at Anna R. Harvey's store.
NORTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Richboro, Saturday, June 15, at Edward R. Roberts' hotel
NORTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Richboro, Monday, June 17, at Edward R. Roberts' hotel.
SOUTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Feasterville, Tuesday, June 18, at E. H. Hogeland's Hotel.
WARWICK TOWNSHIP—Jamison, Wednesday, June 19, at Albert E. Ramsey's hotel.
WARMINSTER TOWNSHIP—Thursday, June 20, at Charles T. Dager's Hotel.
WARRINGTON TOWNSHIP—Frog Hollow, Friday, June 21, at Malden Keller's Hotel.
DOYLESTOWN TOWNSHIP—Turk, Saturday, June 22, at Samuel Leatherman's hotel,
BUCKINGHAM TOWNSHIP—Centreville, Monday, June 24, at John R. Righter's hotel.
BUCKINGHAM TOWNSHIP — Lahaska, Tuesday, June 25, at Edward Rorer's hotel.
SOLEBURY TOWNSHIP—Centre Bridge, Wednesday, June 26, at Charles Bowlby's hotel.
SOLEBURY TOWNSHIP — Carversville, Thursday, June 27, at James Bissey's hotel
NEW HOPE BOROUGH—Friday, June 28, at M. A. VanHart's hotel.
NEW BRITAIN TOWNSHIP — Chalfont, Saturday, June 29, at Erwin Keller's Hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Mount Pleasant, Monday, July 1, at Hunsberger's hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Blooming Glen, Tuesday, July 2, at Jos F Gerhart's hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Dublin, Wednesday, July 3, at Levi D. Yoder's store.
PLUMSTEAD TOWNSHIP—Gardenville, Friday, July 5, at Enos Weiss' hotel.
PLUMSTEAD TOWNSHIP—Plumsteadville, Saturday, July 6, at A. O. Myers hotel.
BEDMINSTER TOWNSHIP—Bedminsterville, Monday, July 8, at Edwin K Beer's hotel.
BEDMINSTER—Pipersville, Tuesday, July 9, at E. M. Berkenstock's hotel.
TINICUM TOWNSHIP—Red Hill, Wednesday, July 10, at Thomas C. Harple's hotel.
TINICUM TOWNSHIP—Erwinna, Thursday, July 11, at Calvin C. Bryan's hotel.
NOCKAMIXON TOWNSHIP — Bucksville, Friday, July 12, at John H. Mickel's hotel.
NOCKAMIXON TOWNSHIP—Kintnersville, Saturday, July 13, at Franklin Adams' hotel.
BRIDGETON TOWNSHIP—Monday, July 15, at John E. Cochran's hotel.
DURHAM TOWNSHIP—Riegelsville, Tuesday July 16, at Central Hotel.
SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP—Bursonville, Wednesday, July 17, at Thomas Och's hotel.
SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP—Pleasant Valley, Thursday, July 18, at H. Eisenhart's hotel.
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP—California, Friday, July 19, at C F. Richards' hotel.
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP — Saturday, July 20, at Milton B. Kline's hotel.
MILFORD TOWNSHIP — Trumbauersville, Monday, July 22, at Samuel K. Hager's hotel.
MILFORD TOWNSHIP — Milford Square, Tuesday, July 23, at Monno Clemmer's hotel.
HAYCOCK TOWNSHIP — Applebachsville, Wednesday, July 24, at Reed Laubenstine's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—First Ward, Thursday, July 25, at P. K. Gable's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—Second Ward, Friday, July 26, at H K Souder's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—Third Ward, Saturday, July 27, at Milton D. Tice's hotel.
PERKASIE BOROUGH—Monday, July 29, at E. H. Myers' hotel.
TELFORD BOROUGH—Tuesday, July 30, at J. Howard Gerhart's store.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Schlichters, Wednesday, July 31, at S. S. Smith's hotel.
SELLERSVILLE BOROUGH — Thursday, August 1, at A. W. Reift's hotel.
ROCKHILLTOWNSHIP—Benjamin, Friday, August 2, at H. K. Hunsberger's hotel.
DOYLESTOWN BOROUGH—At the Treasurer's office, Doylestown, Bucks county, until August 21, 1895.

Will be at the above named places from 9 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P M. Important correspondence to receive attention must be accompanied by postage for reply, and in all cases the district wherein the property is located must be definitely given. Communications with money for taxes will not be received at Treasurer's office after August 21.

Five per cent. added to State Tax not paid by August 21.

Five per cent. abatement on County Tax paid on or before August 21.

In pursuance to instructions received by me from the Auditor General, Storekeepers and others will please take notice, that all Malt Liquor Licenses not paid to me by July 1 will be placed in the hands of a Justice of the Peace to be collected according to law. HENRY B. BANES,
April 25, 1895-6t. County Treasurer.

THE

Atlantic Monthly

For 1895

Will contain a new Serial, to run through twelve numbers, entitled

A SINGULAR LIFE,

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Studies in Great Literature.

New Figures in Literature and Art.
Studies of men and women who are coming forward into public notice.

International Papers.
A series of articles treating of existing relations and historical passages between the United States and other countries.

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Discussions of important questions and leaders of Europe.

Political History.
Such papers as Dr. Frederic Bancroft's discussion of Seward's Attitude toward Compromise and Secession.

Political and Industrial Questions.
Treating with special knowledge and impartiality topics of commanding interest in American political and industrial life.

Education.
Special regard will be paid to this subject in its varied forms.

An Announcement of Importance.
During 1895 Dr. John Fiske will furnish a series of historical papers entitled

Virginia and Her Neighbors.

TERMS: $4.00 a year in advance, postage free; 35 cents a number. With new life-size portrait of Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant or Holmes, $5 00; each additional Portrait, $1.00.

Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money order draft or registered letter to

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.,
4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

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STOCK BROKERS,

309 S. Third St., PHILADELPHIA

Established in 1852. Stocks and Bonds, bought, sold and carried on margin.

Refer by permission to
J. H. Michener, Pres. Bank of North America
C. H. Banes, Pres. Market St. National Bank
H. M. Dechert, Pres. Commonwealth Trust Co.

WANTED—A FEW MORE BOOK AGENTS in this and adjoining Counties for

Our Journey Around the World.

A brand new book by Rev. Francis E. Clark, Pres't of the United Soc. of Christian Endeavor. The best chance to make money ever offered to all who want profitable work. A good Agent in this vicinity can earn $100 a month. ☞Distance no hindrance, for we Pay Freight, Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, and Exclusive Territory. For particulars, write to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn

Miscellaneous

COAL

Highest Grades of

FAMILY FLOUR

FEED, ETC.

—Wood, Lime and Brick,—
Grass Seeds.

PIONEER COAL YARD,

(Established 1837.)

Walter F. Leedom,

529 to 535 Bath St.,
BRISTOL, PA

MINSTER & BAKER,

(Successors to Stroeble & Son.)

DEALERS IN

UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON

CO

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

HOME FROM THE HILL.

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
—R. L. S.

Let the weary body lie
Where he chose its grave,
'Neath the wide and starry sky,
By the southern wave,
While the island holds her trust
And the hill keeps faith,
Through the watches that divide
The long night of death.

But the spirit, free from thrall,
Now goes forth of these
To its birthright and inherits
Other lands and seas.
We shall find him when we seek him
In an older home—
By the hills and streams of childhood
'Tis his weird to roam.

In the fields and woods we hear him
Laugh and sing and sigh,
Or where by the northern breakers
Sea birds troop and cry,
Or where over lonely moorlands
Winter winds fly fleet,
Or by sunny graves he hearkens
Voices low and sweet.

We have lost him, we have found him
Mother, he was fain
Nimbly to retrace his footsteps;
Take his life again
To the breast that first had warmed it,
To the tried and true—
He has come, our well beloved,
Scotland, back to you!
—W. R. Nicoll in Blackwood's Magazine.

LOST REVENGE.

The news of his death came upon her as a blow. There could be no doubt of that. She had never anticipated that he would die so soon, while the rosebushes were all in flower, and the nightingales were awake in the coppice, and the sun had the glow and the shadows the cool reticence peculiar to the earlier days of the summer. She had never anticipated that he would die at all while she was alive. It seemed so unlikely. She was such a delicate slip of a snow white maiden, with the vagueness of the undiscovered country in her great brown eyes, with the trouble of a tragic future in the curving lips of her tremulous rosebud mouth. And he had been so strong—so terribly strong. The iron of his great arms might have held up a world, she thought. His voice was the voice of the ruler. In his eyes a threatening command dwelt always. And now he was dead. She had just heard so, and scarcely any one knew it yet. His mighty frame was stretched out in the room below—the garden room, where she generally sat at evening; the garden room to which one sometimes came as evening fell. But she did *not think of that immediately.* That the world would go on just as usual now all was so changed for her did not occur to her. The man below had been her husband, and he was dead. She could only think of that at first.

How she had hated him!

He had bought her as the wife he desired. So, surely, he must have once loved her. But he had never shown it. She had feared him terribly that very first day, when they went away together from the church, down the flat, gray road by the almshouses, where the old women stood bobbing in the rain, over the village green haunted by wandering geese, whose feathers were blown the wrong way by the wind that stormy day of their marriage. He must have once desired her. How he had stared at her in the shadow of the shut carriage, while the hoofs of the horses splashed in the puddles of the country road. His eyes never left her. They were slightly bloodshot and looked excited as they traveled over her face, and his full lips moved under his black mustache. But he said nothing.

How she had hated him!

The morning after their wedding she had tried to escape from him. She slipped out of the great Lord Warden hotel at Dover in the gray dampness of the dawn when he was sleeping. The sullen sea, which they were to cross presently, roared in her ears, and the sea gulls cried to her from the foam flecked pebbles of the steeply curving beach. The hull of a steamer loomed on the ragged horizon, and the rain drove over the shining asphalt ways. Two or three sailors hanging about, with peaked caps drawn down above their wet faces and hunched shoulders, peered at her as she crept from the hotel, a grain of humanity swept by the whirlwind. How cold it was, and how desolate! In the wind came to her the strangled whistle of an engine, and then she knew she was too late. The train was flashing away as she struggled on against the tempest. She returned to his embrace.

How she had hated him!

And they traveled together. The snow peaks of Switzerland; the green valleys, where the chalets rested on the steep slopes, as if tired and pausing but for a moment; the blue lakes of Italy; the old, sad cities, with their streets full of the echoes of dead voices; the weary ruins, passively enduring shrill calling tourists; the vineyards, where life was laughter and was song—she had seen them all with him. She hated them all. Even the flat reaches of the venerable Nile and the rose gardens of Damascus were loathsome to her. She had watched the flame blue line of Arabs wind away beneath the flame blue sky. She had heard the tinkling bells of caravans and the wild chant of the sailors sweep up from the pallid gray green mimosa bushes, and she had only sickened and longed to die. She had only longed to die. And now he lay dead, and she could hear the nightingales beginning to flute. Yet was she glad?

They had come back to England. People envied her. Women murmured his name as she passed by, murmured it in admiration, while the blood flamed in her cheek at thought that she was his. The great world took her for awhile, took her and gave to her only such profound weariness. In the park, as her victoria stood against the railings in the hot sun, and the murmur of society rippled round her beneath the trees, and the queens of society and the courtesans who were the recognized queens—the sinner incognita and the queen incognita—passed her by, she sickened again and thought of the rose gardens of Damascus and of the flame blue line of the Arabs and wondered if the world could give to her nothing, if his shadow must be upon everything, like the shadow of fate brooding black over the pleasaunce of life. She wondered in a malady of dreaming, and the voices under the trees said she posed, because for a moment she ceased to think of them. Then she drove home as the twilight gathered about the city and tried to hush it all, in vain. She dreaded the falling of night as children dread the grave.

How she had hated him!

And then a golden thread twined into the web of her tangled young life. One, in the midst of the ignorant and the careless, understood that she was in the prison house of despair and staid awhile outside the grating of her cell to whisper of comfort. The dew fell upon the poor parched flower, and she opened her petals to receive it. But so secretly, always so secretly. Surely no one ever knew. Outside the garden room in the dusk he came when all was quiet. The jailer was away. He came and came again, and he taught her to see the stars through the grating of her cell, and he told her of the rising of the moon. And when he came it seemed to her that the nightingales were always singing.

And now the jailer had gone away for ever. The prison doors were open. She stepped out into the starlight and the moonlight. He lay dead in the room below her. She had not seen him dead. She must go down into that silent place where he lay in silence. She thought only of him. Her small face was very white as she walked softly down the stairs. She saw the merry motes dancing in the cloud of gold dust that the sun shed obliquely through the leaded lattices of the hall, and she turned her eyes away from them and wished the sun would go down. With the darkness, her strange constraint of calm [illegible] to feel more natural. She passed through the door very quietly and closed it behind her and locked it. He had been laid upon the wide couch where she sat sometimes at eventide alone. A white covering shrouded the great form that her girl's flesh had shuddered at, had shrunk from so often. A ray of dying light glinted where the head was. When she drew back the covering, the ray shone upon the gray, swollen face, into which she gazed for a long while. The upper lip was drawn back from the strong white teeth. The mouth seemed to grin callously. She could fancy that the flown soul of the dead man was laughing somewhere far off, and that the body which, in life, had so often obeyed the spirit, with the weakness of custom still mechanically bowed to its will, still revealed outwardly that which was no longer prisoned within it. Yes, as she looked at the mouth, she felt that the dead man's soul was laughing.

She wondered why, and as she stood wondering, over the smooth shaved lawn, past the sun dial and the leaping silver of the fountain, one came to the garden room—the man who understood her and had striven to comfort her.

He did not know yet. He stole so softly because he believed her husband was living and not because he knew he was dead.

He stood at the window and whispered her name, and, as he spoke, a rush of joy swelled through her heart She left the dead face uncovered and crossed to him.

'Is he gone?' he asked

"He is gone," she answered. "Kiss me"

He caught her passionately and pressed his lips on hers.

"How I love you!" he murmured. "How I love you!"

As he said the words she turned round from him and looked back into the slowly darkening room.

A strange, horrible fancy seized her.

She thought she heard the dead man laugh.

"When will you give yourself to me?" her lover whispered. "I have waited so long! Come, leave your prison house. Let the jailer find the cell door open when he returns, the prisoner escaped"

She answered him:

"He will never return to find me"

He held her closer against his heart

"You have resolved to dare all, then; to dare all for my sake?"

A wild triumph shone in her white girl's face, a wild triumph thrilled in her sweet girl's voice, as she replied:

"The prison house has crumbled to the dust The prisoner is free."

He strained her yielding body in his arms

"You mean that you will come, that you will leave him to long for you? You will forsake him? I love you!"

But she shrank from him again and trembled. She looked behind her into that still, shadowy room. The warm blood in her young body seemed to freeze Surely she heard the dead man laugh again in the gathering darkness!

"You will leave him? You will come?"

"There is no need," she said.

He kept her in his arms. His kisses never left her face. He whispered:

"Why?"

"He is dead."

He loosened his arms from about her. His mouth left hers

She pointed backward into the room which was now quite dark. "He is there, lying dead. And you love me, and I am free"

She lifted her face to his, and her eyes were full of happy tears But he looked at her and muttered a curse between his teeth. The love died from his face and left it hard, and wild with impotent disappointment and despair.

Then he turned away. He turned away and went out into the twilight, across the smooth shaved lawn, past the sundial and the leaping silver of the fountain and beyond—into the night.

He had seen the dead man's lifelong enemy. He had been close upon his revenge, and now the soul he hated had passed beyond his power to hurt He could never wrong him through all the years. Why should he stay?

She sank down by the window without a cry She could not understand.

And in the silence and the close darkness the dead man laughed.—Sketch.

ADVICE FOR ANGLERS.

The Marvelous Beauties of Nature More to Be Enjoyed Than Killing Fish.

"O gentle angler, you who are fortunate enough to get away from the business treadmill, look to it that you take your sport as an honest angler should It may be great fun to kill them as fast as you can drag them out; there may be a certain satisfaction in killing more than the other fellow can show; but, believe me, these feats do not constitute the real pleasures of angling. One need not be forever staring at an arching rod or straining silk. One's ears need not always be filled with the clack of a string spewing, string eating hondescript clock, which measures the life of a captive as our watches measure our days. An angling outfit offers many better things than dead fish.

"The marvelous life stirring in everything, the merry gossip of the brook, the ceaseless music of joyous birds, the hues of countless flowers, the perfumed, lazy breeze, the beauty, healthfulness and purity of it all will yield to the observing anglers more lasting pleasure than ever falls to the lot of the man who fishes for count and stimulates his gratification by the amount of life he can destroy within a given time. No fish should be taken that can not be properly used, and no man worthy of the name of gentleman angler will kill for count. It is not all—nay, 'tis not half—of fishing to kill fish!"—Outing.

Lifting Power of Roots.

A Tennessee correspondent, signing himself "One Curious to Know," makes the following inquiry: "There are here in the street sidewalks, which are paved with very heavy flagstone, shade and magnolia grandiflora trees from 20 to 30 years old. The stones weigh from 50 to 200 pounds each, and many over that, yet the roots of these trees, especially the magnolia, raise the flag and curbstones high as if by hand or lever power. Now, wherein is the power?"

The exact nature of these lifting powers has not been accurately determined, so far as the conductors of this magazine know. The immense power, however, has long been recognized. A mushroom has been known to lift a heavy paving stone in one night; but, after all, this lifting power is not much greater than the sustaining power of the branches themselves. It must have often occurred to observers that the leverage possessed by some of the horizontal branches of trees must be enormous. Just in sight of where this paragraph was written is a horizontal branch of elm extending at least 30 feet, and not more than 3 inches thick at the point where it starts from the main branch. The weight of the smaller branchlets which this has to sustain is probably not less than 100 pounds, yet it has taken that horizontal direction for some four or five years and is still not an inch out of its horizontal line. There is a fine field for original discovery in this direction.—Meehan's Monthly.

Fin de Siecle Art.

The loony paintings of the impressionist, the erotic novels, the realistic horrors evolved by Zola, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Maupassant and Maeterlinck, the weird music of Wagner, the scarey fashions which mark the dress of the women of our day, are all illustrations of this new "fin de siecle" spirit. We are told that the world of the present is living in "the reddened light of the dusk of the nations;" that faith is dying; that, tired of all existing things, man chases after new beliefs, new engagements and sensations only to find that the trail of the serpent is over all.

Fin de siecleism is a disease which has before afflicted mankind. It raged at the close of the year 1000, when there was a general belief that the end of all things was at hand and men sought vainly to compress all possible earthly pleasures into the few hours yet allotted them. The eighteenth century went out in the blood and horror of the wars succeeding the French revolution, and the poets of that day cast horoscopes for the future full of gloom and foreboding.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A PALM READER.

How She Aroused and Started One Woman on the Road to Success.

"Let me tell you," said the successful woman, "how I got my first start. I was doing literally nothing and had just enough of a small income to pay cheap board in a second rate boarding house. One day I heard the ladies say that a palm reader was in the house, going from room to room, reading fortunes at 25 cents a palm.

"I told them to send her up to me, and after a little she came. I had expected to see a gypsyish looking creature, but to my surprise I saw a small, bright eyed young woman dressed neatly in black, and evidently a person of education. She sat down before me, took my hand, and after examining the palm a moment started and looked into my face keenly.

"'Tricks of her trade,' I said to myself and waited for her to speak. Her first words struck me like a blow.

"'You have no ambition.'

"'Why do you think so?' I asked.

"'If you had any, you would not stay here What are you doing?'

"I did not answer, and she continued:

"'You do not paint pictures,' looking at the bare walls, 'nor write books. You have a gift, but it is smothered in rubbish'

"Then, without a word about love or marriage, as the custom of her kind is, she dropped my hand and said sternly:

"'Do something! Go somewhere! There is work waiting for you!'

"I hunted up two dimes and a 5 cent piece to give her, and I have thought since that if the coins had been gold that lesson would have been cheap. The words rang in my head: 'You have no ambition. Do something,' until I sought and obtained a position, which has brought me both money and fame."

"And the palm reader. Did you ever see her again?"

"No; but I learned some curious facts about her from a lady in the house in whom she confided. She was a stranger, a schoolteacher, who lost her purse on the cars and was stranded in this town. She had studied palmistry, and being quick witted she put her knowledge to a practical test and earned enough money to continue her journey. I would like her to know what she did for me Perhaps my case may help others out of the slough of indolence," concluded the successful woman "To inspire myself I keep these three lines of Lowell pinned before my desk as a daily and hourly reminder:

"Greatly begin! Though but a line
Thou hast to write, be that sublime
Not failure, but low aim is crime"
—Detroit Free Press.

THE COW TREE.

A Vegetable Freak Found In the Mountain Region of Venezuela.

The mountain region of Venezuela is the home of one of the most remarkable botanical freaks known to grow upon the American continent It is a tree which flourishes only upon the mountain sides, and always at the height of about 8,000 feet above sea level. It is lofty and slender for its height and has broad, stiff leaves of a dusty white color, which give it the appearance of being almost dead What is queer about this tree with the tall, slender trunk and dead looking leaves and branches? It is odd enough, sure, for, although it is a very stupid looking forest growth, it is known the world over as the "milk" or "cow tree"—the famous "palo de vaca," which Humboldt so glowingly describes It is an evergreen variety, and those who have used its "milk" pronounce it "perfectly delicious." When the traveler, hunter or native of the Venezuelan mountains is tired, hungry or thirsty, he needs but to cut the bark of the cow tree in order to be rewarded with a copious flow of this milky sap which is said to be even sweeter and richer than the milk of the best high grade Jersey. If collected in vessels and allowed to stand for some little time, say from 8 to 12 hours, it grows thick and yellow, and the "cream" goes through the process of "rising to the top" just as it does in ordinary milk.

At about the time of sunrise, according to Humboldt and other well known scientists, is the hour chosen by those acquainted with the tree's peculiarities for tapping the bark. At that time the milk is believed to be more palatable and nutritious than if taken after the sun has been acting for some hours upon the leaves. Attempts have been made to cultivate the cow tree, both in Mexico and in the smaller Central American republics, but, so far, all such innovations have been failures As soon as it is removed from the mountain sides, even in its native land, where the natives have tried to grow it in the valleys, it withers and dies —St. Louis Republic.

Cured

Permanently Cured

OF

Constitutional Scrofula

BY

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Miss Olive S. Carl
Reynoldsville, Pa.

The cure of Olive Carl by Hood's Sarsaparilla has few equals in medical history. The testimonial was first published two years ago, and a letter lately received from her mother says Olive continues in good health and "We are satisfied her remarkable cure of constitutional scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla was permanent."

Briefly stated the case was this: "When Olive was 8 years old she had the whooping cough and measles, followed by intense pains in every joint in her body, like rheumatism. Physicians were puzzled, but after a consultation, pronounced the disease some form of

Constitutional Scrofula.

"When we began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla, she could not be moved without crying out with pain, and we were compelled to cut her hair, as she could not bear the weight of it. At first the change for the better was very gradual; the pains seemed to be less frequent and the swelling in some of the joints subsided after using about one bottle. Then improvement was more rapid and one night she surprised us by telling us that we

Need Not Prop Her Up in Bed

as we had done for months, and next night she surprised us still more by rolling over across the bed. From that time on the improvement was very rapid and she soon began to creep about the house and then to walk on crutches. Now she

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

generally uses but one crutch, the disease having left one leg crooked, and I fear it will remain so. We feel that to Hood's Sarsaparilla we owe our child's life. "I enclose the photograph of my daughter and I think it is a picture of perfect health. When I think how near she was to death's door I cannot feel thankful enough for her recovery." MRS. J. A. CARL, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Professor Munyon's Great Work Among the Suffering.

His Medicines Are Marvels in the Way of Effecting Cure.

Mr. George Lodge, well-known real estate dealer, Third and Federal streets, Philadelphia, Pa., is not only one of the most prominent real estate brokers in the city, but is the general manager of the new underground system of electrical propulsion, which is destined to supersede the overhead trolley. Read what he says:

"Ever since 1868 I have been a great sufferer from sciatic rheumatism. There were times when the excruciating pain nearly drove me insane, and I was practically helpless. Upon a friend's advice I was induced to try Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. After taking a few doses the pain left me and I have not had the slightest symptoms of any return of the disease. I have recommended this remedy to several of my friends, who have also been cured."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure is guaranteed to cure rheumatism in any part of the body. Acute or muscular rheumatism cured in from one to five days. It never fails to cure sharp, shooting pains in the arms, legs, sides, back or breast, or soreness in any part of the body in from one to three hours. It is guaranteed to promptly cure lameness, stiff and swollen joints, stiff back, and all pains in the hips and loins. Chronic rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago or pain in the back are speedily cured.

Munyon's Homœpathic Home Remedy Company, of Philadelphia, put up specifics for nearly every disease, which are sold by all druggists, mostly for 25 cents a bottle.

Those who are in doubt as to the nature of their disease should address Professor Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, giving full symptoms of their disease. Professor Munyon will carefully diagnose the case and give you the benefit of his advice absolutely free of all charge. The Remedies will be sent to any address on receipt of retail price.

EVOLUTION OF WHIST.

Three Distinct Eras In the History of the Game.

Whist, says the London Graphic, is of English origin, but in the beginning it seems to have been called "triumph," a name which was afterward corrupted into "trump." "Gammer Gurton's Needle" has the distinction of first mentioning the game. The eighteenth century saw whist in its primitive form, the whole object of the game being to win tricks by leading high cards or by trumping.

This form of the game is still largely played in the family circle. Then came the era of Hoyle, which may be said to have lasted from 1730 to 1860, and taught players to think not only of their own hands, but of the other hands also and to take advantage of the positions of the cards in them. Hoyle also taught that trumps might be more profitably employed than in simple trumping and showed that they might be used to disarm the adversaries and to obtain secondary advantages in trick making by other suits of less apparent power

It was not until 1859 that the philosophical era can be said to have begun, and the origin of the new movement was a knot of young men at Cambridge known as the Little Whist school This body kept records of their games, but no one thought of making the data known until Dr Pole, in 1861, writing a paper on games at cards for Macmillan's Magazine, remarked in a note that it would be a good thing if model games at whist could be published. Mr. Henry Jones wrote to say that he possessed the notes of the Little Whist school, and the result was that in the following year Mr Jones published under the name of Cavendish his book on the principles of whist illustrated by hands played completely through Coherence in the system of play was still wanting, and this Dr. Pole supplied in 1864 with his essay on the theory of the modern scientific game of whist.

The Wounded Antelope.

"The stricken deer flees from the herd."

The term is supposed to be poetical and may be so, but does any one know why the deer runs away?

A good many years ago, when Denver was a huddle of shanties, and the overland stage was in its glory, the writer of these lines was crossing what was then represented on the school maps as "The Great American Desert" It was very early in the morning and light, though the sun had not yet risen, when the wagons started. Soon the leader stopped in silence, and every one saw on an eminence, or "roll," a splendid antelope standing and looking at the wagons as though surprised. Not a sound was made on either side until the silence was broken by the sharp crack of a rifle. The antelope fell, but only for an instant, and then bounded away. Arrived at the place where he fell, a little blood was noticed, and rising the "roll" the "stricken deer" was seen making his way not from, but to the herd, some 400 in number. Then was seen a rather curious sight in the early light Catching sight of the wagon, the whole herd moved away at a smart pace, but not at a panic gait. The wounded animal had reached the herd, but was not wanted, for two or three bucks made for him, and so long as we watched them they chased and horned the poor animal until presumably he fell dead—a feast for the coyotes. For some reason peculiar to antelopes they wanted no "stricken deer" about and wouldn't have one.—Homeopathic Envoy

A Mere Transposition.

G. Whizz—What's the difference between a glutton and an anarchist?

B Sizz—That's sickening easy. One is a mighty diner and the other a dynamiter.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Spermaceti.

Spermaceti is taken from the head of the sperm whale, a single specimen having been known to yield 12 barrels of this valuable substance It was formerly in high repute as a medicine, and in 1427 was sold in Europe for medicinal purposes at about $5 a pound.

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say:

"I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything—this won't cost them a cent.

I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging.

At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact."

The medicine mentioned cures all the delicate diseases peculiar to females, as "Female Weakness," periodical pains, irregularities, nervous prostration, spasms, chorea or St Vitus's Dance, sleeplessness, threatened insanity.

To permanently cure constipation, biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by Serrill Douglass.

Miscellaneous

Have You Read The Philadelphia TIMES This Morning?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

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Aggressive Republican Journals of the Highest Class.

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THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHS.

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Scientific Suspenders.

No strain on buttons.
Waistband is never pulled up.
No buggy pants.
No dragging down on shoulders.
No straps in view in full dress
Trousers not pulled up away from shoe when sitting.
Cables preserved from wear.
Built for, and worn by, the best dressed men in America.

Wear Them Once
And you will put a pair on each pair of Trousers.

By mail, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50, and $2, postpaid

Scientific Suspender Co.,
Lim., Buffalo, N. Y.
(Formerly Battle Creek, Mich.)

DO YOUR SHOES FIT?

There's more in it than you think of at first. A little nagging pain and pretty soon your nerves are on edge—then you're cross. Shoes that fit wear better than those that don't fit. They feel better, look better and cost no more It costs no more to make a shoe right than wrong. A little care needed—that's all.

At the New Shoe Store on Dorrance Street, recently opened by GEORGE W BOOTH, the right kind of Shoes, warranted to fit, can be found at reasonable prices, repairing promptly done.

All shoes that I sell I warrant, and if they rip they will be sewed without cost to the buyer Misses and Children's Russet Shoes a specialty.

GEORGE W. BOOTH,
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Bristol, Pa.

Wanted We want several honest, reliable men in this vicinity, to act as SALESMEN for our CHOICE NURSERY STOCK.

We will pay a salary or commission and furnish an outfit free. Write at once for terms and information to

THE GUARANTEE NURSERY CO.,
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The Leading Conservatory of America
CARL FAELTEN, Director.
Founded in 1867 by E. Tourjée.
NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. BOSTON, MASS.
FRANKLIN Sq.
Send for Prospectus giving full information.
FRANK W. HALE, General Manager.

A Chance to Earn Money!
Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere No experience needed. Address, stating age
H. W. FOSTER & CO., Box D, Geneva, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

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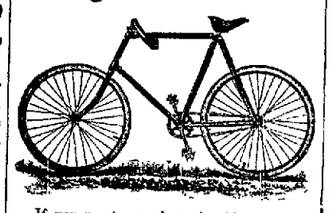

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The Dampman,
high grade wheel at $75

Repairing a Specialty.

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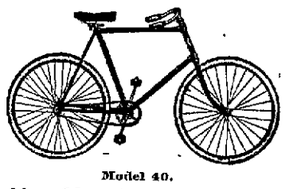
Columbia Bicycles
100 DOLLARS.



Model 40.

Also Hartford for $80, $60 and $50.

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Repairing Promptly Attended to.

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217 Jefferson Ave.,
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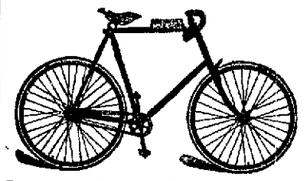
Has taken the agency for the celebrated



Rambler Bicycles

There has been more records broken both by Professionals and Amateurs on this wheel than any other two wheels put together. Not only on paper, but in reality Come and see the '95 model—it speaks for itself. If you want an easy-going, speedy and comfortable wheel, try the RAMBLER—it can't be beat They are all fitted with the celebrated J & J. tire I can give you any weight from 14½ to 34½ lbs. Also your choice of handle-bars, seat and pedals. I have three models of Ladies' wheels from 20 to 27 lbs. The Ladies model "E" is a beauty, weighing but 20 lbs. I also handle the STORMER, WAVERLY, BEN HUR, etc. Almost any wheel you wish. Prices ranging from $15 to $100 Bargains in second-hand wheels.

A full line of Sundries constantly on hand at

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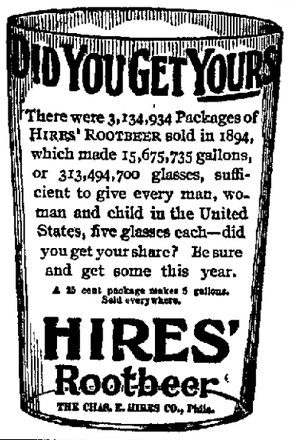

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Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Etc.
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FOR SALE AND TO RENT.
Rents and all Other Bills Collected.
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I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

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Miscellaneous

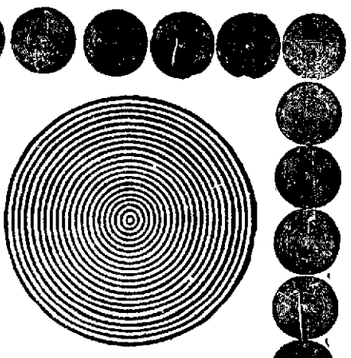
Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous

...This is not a Puzzle...
But simply an illustration of the way the wheels under the thousands of the

Celebrated Birch Carriages

Are moving (revolve the paper in a rotary motion) every minute and every hour of the day and night all over the world



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At Thompson's,
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Boston Baked Beans, (large can), 9c; 3 for 25c
Large bottle Catsup, 5c
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The most popular and dressy Suits of the season are those ong Cutaways in Black Clay Diagonal and light, neat, stripe Pants. We have these goods in all styles and will make you a Suit up to your measure for $18, guarantee fit and quality.

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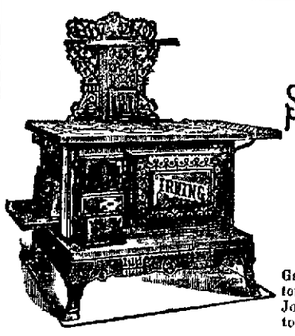

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Before Balaklava.

"You may talk about your orthodox ghosts who haunt ancient castles, wailing and groaning and carrying flaming lights from window to window for apparently no earthly, or rather unearthly, purpose save that of terrifying out of his wits some poor hind bearing home a bewildered brain after staying too long with John Barleycorn in the village inn, but for something that has forever baffled me and made me often wonder whether I was dreaming or awake, commend me to what I saw, or thought I saw, the night before Balaklava, Oct. 25, 1854."

And my father threw himself back in his armchair before the fire in the smoking room grate as he took a long whiff of a newly lighted cigar and gazed dreamily into the flames that were crackling up the chimney.

The subject of conversation had drifted from the battlefields of yesterday in Abyssinia and Zululand to those of 30 years before, when the tall, heavy forms before us of my father and his old comrades in arms, Sir Langley Fetherstone and Colonel Elmhurst, with their gray, bristling mustaches, their still erect gait, their unconsciously imperative style and their solemn and grave deportment were as light as my own, Aubrey's or Bob Fetherstone's that night as we sat around listening to the stories of the hot days when our fathers were men as young as we.

"Hand me my memory, Aubrey," said my father, pointing to a huge cavalry saber that hung over the mantelpiece. The sword that had waved over the now iron gray head, that then was chestnut, as its owner with a shout of defiance bore down upon the ranks of the Muscovites on the wintry plains of the Crimea.

My father drew the sword from its scabbard and lovingly surveyed the glittering blade.

"Old 'never failed me,'" he said. "Do you see that dint in its edge, Lang? Got that crossing the Alma off the helmet of a Russian cuirassier. I sent the blow through steel and skull together. There is another. Got that the 25th of October from the commander of the Cossacks that charged the left flank of the 'heavies.' He struck at me, I parried, there is the mark."

"And then?" said Sir Langley.

"I swept it round and caught him across the throat," answered my father abstractedly. "I saw his body afterward when it was turned over to his relatives, for he was a noble, a grand duke, I believe. The same angry frown was upon his handsome features as just before my steel entered his jugular. And here is another—but there! If I once got started telling anecdotes of every experience that old blade went through in my hands, I would stay talking until morning. Put it up again, Vic. I love to handle it whenever I settle down to tell a story of the old days. It, as it were, inspires me by bringing back the events of bygone years to my mind as if they had happened yesterday."

Seeing that we were all watching him in anticipation, he again took some whiffs of his cigar and commenced:

"It was the night before the never to be forgotten 25th of October. We were close to the Russian lines, our pickets being almost within hailing distance of the enemy.

"I was riding out to inspect the sentries stationed along the Grodno road. It was a wet, cold night, and I clasped my great coat close about me and spurred my charger along the muddy road. As I reached the side of the valley I drew him in quickly, as I heard a distant rumble, like the moving of some parks of heavy ordnance at the extreme end. I listened. All was still again. An occasional stray shot from the outposts, a distant challenge of a sentry, a light here and there peering through the murky mist from the doomed city, and between it and us a large, uneven mass of something indistinguishable that marked out the Russian lines.

"I rode on. I arrived at the station of the sentry, and as I did so some smart firing broke out toward the rear. Our pickets were evidently being driven in, and I sent the sentry back to hasten up the supports. He never returned. I subsequently heard that he had gone on with the reinforcements he had been sent to summon and had been captured.

"I staid, cursing his delay for over half an hour. When I again heard the same rumbling noise, I looked up the valley. All was dark, but the rumble seemed to be advancing at a terrific pace. As it was coming from our lines I thought it might be a night attack. Although how cavalry could be of any service at such an hour, on such a night, I failed to see. But it is the soldier's duty to obey first and to form his opinions afterward, and I eagerly awaited the oncoming of the force.

"A white streak appeared 200 feet away, the noise crashed upon me with full force, and in an instant I saw the charging ranks and the wild, eager forms of the soldiers seated on their foaming, galloping steeds. Forms, did I say? Yes, forms only. Forms pale and shadowy. Horse and man alike woven, as it were, out of the mist. On they came, icy breezes rushing with them as they swept by. My horse plunged and reared frantically. To save myself from being dismounted I sprang from his back into the snow, and prancing and snorting he made off toward our lines, giving rise to the subsequent rumor of my death.

"As I turned I saw the form of Louis Nolan. He was sitting half round in his saddle, his sword hanging from his wrist, his forage cap in his hand, which he was waving exultingly. His face was partially turned from me toward the ranks, but not a word passed the open mouth with the ashen hue on the lips, though I could see a blaze in the glistening eye. On they came—hussars, lancers, dragoons—with all the pomp and glory and magnificence of war, mingled with the mystery of the world unknown. There rode Major Halkett, his proud, handsome face set firmly and unflinchingly, his sword clinched in his hand, as it was found next day when they raised his body from the blood soaked soil. Then came Lord Fitzgibbon. You knew him, Lang, and so did I, since as children we played together in the green woods of Mount Shannon.

"The gusts of icy winds accompanying the rush of the phantoms were now declining in their force, the rumbling noise that had risen to the roar of a tempest during their progress past was now quieting down. As the last line of charging horse passed from my sight I saw a shadowy lieutenant of the Guards beside me. He pointed in the direction whither they had gone. A scornful smile was on his spectral face. His hollow voice echoed tauntingly in my ear:

"'So Major Hurst of the First Royals prefers discretion to valor because he belongs to the heavy and not to the light brigade!'

"I aimed a blow at my traducer, but my hand only struck into the empty air.

"He laughed a mocking laugh, and again pointing down the valley said, 'Go!'

"'I will show you that at least one of the "heavies" can do as well as the men of the light brigade,' I cried, jumping into the saddle and galloping off after the vanished cavalry. I felt like one bereft of his senses. I galloped on and on in the dark until I saw again the white streak approaching me in a contrary direction and the rumbling echoing in the rear. A second, and it burst upon my sight. But what a change! Horses, riderless, terrified, wounded, maddened with excitement. Not a single form of a soldier passed. Riderless horses! Riderless horses! Riderless horses! Here and there opaque spots upon the shadowy saddles, showing where human blood had rushed down. I drew aside from the apparent stampede of ghostly steeds and waited. Then I saw another white streak approaching. It came nearer! It was upon me! The fur caps, the long riding coats, the leggings, the long lances, and, above all, the superb horsemanship displayed told me that they were the Cossacks of the czar. But their faces were rigid as the dead. Instead of the habitual yells, in victory or defeat, not a sound escaped from the tightly closed lips.

"As I gazed like a man walking in his sleep I saw one of the silent host bearing full upon me, his lance in rest, his cold, dead eyes holding me transfixed so that I could not move a limb. I felt my charger tremble beneath me, but he never made an effort to break away. A moment more and a pang shot through my heart. Then all seemed dark save for an occasional star shooting by. The stars increased in number; then more and more, until they formed a disk like the full moon that again was transfigured into a sun, whose intense light almost blinded me. I struggled to place my hands over my eyes, and as I did so I heard a voice above me say:

"'He's coming to. My, but it was a close call!'

"I opened my eyes. I was lying swathed in blankets in the tent of one of the boys of the Ninety-third. My limbs and body were tingling from recent friction, and five bearded faces were peering anxiously into my half opened eyes.

"I recognized Heathcote. Poor Heathcote, who was afterward killed at Delhi, just after his being gazetted as colonel of his gallant corps.

"'Why, old man,' he said joyfully, 'you were near saving the Russians a job. I found you lying stiff and stark near the Grodno road as our boys came along to help the Twenty-sixth drive back the attack on the outposts. We brought you here and have had a big job getting you around. It's a wonder you are not minus toes and fingers, but there's only the tip of your ear frozen.'

"And," added my father, touching the uneven upper surface of his left ear, "there is the mark where the Russian frost bit me, but the vision I saw that night is, in view of the events of the following day, far more indelibly implanted on my memory."—Chicago Times.

Imitation Bullet Holes.

The wily shopkeepers of the town who seek to draw customers by attracting crowds around their show windows have invented a new device which seems to be very successful. It has often been remarked that nothing attracts a crowd of idle passersby like a broken plate glass window. If the break is small, as though made by a pistol bullet, there is generally to be found a shifting crowd of from six to a score of persons gazing intently at it as though an apparition was soon to make an appearance.

A Cortlandt street shop was the first to adopt the new device, which consists simply in drawing on the inside of the pane with green soap a dozen or two straight lines diverging from a center. The illusion is almost perfect. The shopkeeper in question emphasized it by hanging alongside a placard offering $100 reward for the apprehension and conviction of the miscreant who broke his show window.

It was a good hit, and the device has been copied in every part of the city. On the Bowery, where there are at least a dozen windows so marked, some of the clothing dealers hire men to stand outside and gaze at the "broken" window. This never fails to form the nucleus for a considerable crowd.—New York Telegram.

Remarkable Antipathies.

Pierre de Lancre, who wrote and flourished in the seventeenth century, when dealing with the subject of courage mentions some remarkable antipathies. An officer, who on the field of battle was as bold as Ajax, was so frightened at a mouse that he could not look upon one without a sword in his hand. Another military gentleman fled at the sight of a boiled rabbit, while a cold shoulder of mutton invariably routed another son of Mars whenever he set eyes upon that dish.

It is not often that any one exhibits an antipathy to a whole sex, though this appears to have been the case with Hannah Murton, who some 50 years ago died at Gray's almshouse, Taunton, at the ripe old age of 82. She was a maiden lady and had such a horror of the male sex that early in life she made a vow that no "he fellow," as she expressed it, should touch her alive or dead. Accordingly, some ten years before her death she purchased a coffin, to which, on the slightest symptom of illness, she retired, and it so happened that she died one evening when lying in her coffin, thus obviating the necessity of her dead body being touched by the defiling hands of the undertaker's "he fellows."

A Master Stroke.

I was talking to Dr. Holmes one day in his Beacon street study, when the conversation turned upon his classmates who were living. "Now, there's Smith," he said. "His name will be honored by every school child in the land, when I have been forgotten 100 years. He wrote 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' If he had said, 'Our Country,' the hymn would not have been immortal, but that 'my' was a master stroke. Every one who sings the hymn at once feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country."—Chicago Interior.

Uncomplimentary.

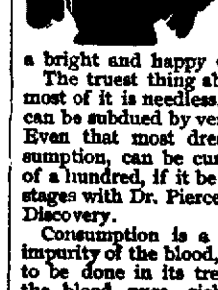
Amy—Does Alice Sharpe know you well?

Sappington—Oh, yes. Why, she takes all sorts of liberties with me. She called me a fool yesterday.

Amy—Did she? She must know you quite well.—New York Herald.

Trifles.

We are often reminded of what Mrs. Chillingly said when asked who managed her household. Her reply was, "My husband has agreed that I may decide upon all the small questions if I will let him decide the large ones." As small ones arose many times each day and large ones only at intervals of months, it ended in her "ruling the roost."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



The contrast between disease and health is as sharply marked as that between darkness and light. The sufferings of disease make enjoyment of life impossible and perfect health makes even a commonplace existence a bright and happy one.

The truest thing about disease is that most of it is needless. Nine-tenths of it can be subdued by very simple remedies. Even that most dreadful malady, consumption, can be cured in 98 cases out of a hundred, if it be treated in its early stages with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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MORNING.

Dawn in the east, and chill dew falling—
Tears of the newborn day.
Dew on the lawn and blackbirds calling,
Music and mild mid-May.
The lilac, see, wins back the color
Lost on the field of night.
See, the spent stars grow dimmer, duller.
Look forth, my life's delight!

Open your window, lean above me,
Rose, my white rose, my song!
Leave your white nest, love, if you love me,
Night is so lonely long.
Day is our own, and day's a-breaking.
Sweet sleepy eyes of gray,
You shall not chide an early waking
When night grows kind as day!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

HE SHUNS MIRRORS.

SEVENTEEN YEARS SINCE THIS MAN SAW HIS REFLECTION.

The Result of a Bet Made With a Young Lady—What His Experience Has Taught Him—Will Not Tell What He Will Receive if He Wins, and He'll Win.

Did it ever occur to you when you have made that easily spoken answer, "I can't," to some proposition that if you only made up your mind and put down your foot you could as readily say, "I will," and, what's more, adhere to the resolution? If you have never thought of this and you have the time and inclination to consider what a man—or a woman either, for that matter—can do when he is determined it shall be done, read this story:

It is about a man who, when he was 17 years old, said to a friend who had been bantering him that he would not voluntarily look at his reflection in a mirror for 20 years. Think of that length of time! It was just as long as Rip Van Winkle slept, and you know how he changed in that period. Seventeen years of that number have come and gone, and this man of strong will says he has kept his promise, and this, too, in the face of all manner of devices on the part of his friends to make him take a glimpse of himself.

This man who does not see himself as others see him is well known in business circles. There is nothing about him which should make him refrain from having as much use for a mirror as any other man. About 33 years old, of the average height and well built, his dark face is an intelligent, attractive one, his mustache is well trimmed, and his hair, which is somewhat spare at the temples, is as nicely parted and as carefully brushed as that of any of his fellows. His necktie, too, is tied in the most approved fashion, and indeed his whole appearance is that of the well groomed man who spends an hour or two every morning before his dressing case, making sure that everything is just so before he presents himself to the gaze of the public.

In the days of his youth he must have been a very handsome boy, and there is little doubt that he took as much pleasure from his own image in the glass as any youngster. It may be that he was given to gazing at himself too frequently, for it was from this penchant that his resolution grew.

He was visiting a young lady acquaintance one day, and she caught him looking into a mirror every few minutes. She knew him so well that she felt at liberty to remark:

"I'll wager that you could not keep your eyes from a mirror for an hour."

Perhaps his pride was touched by the innocent words. At any rate he replied:

"I can, and not only for one hour, but for enough of them to make 20 years."

This was seemingly so preposterous that the young lady offered to make a wager for anything he pleased then and there, and so the bargain was closed. There are few who know what are the terms of the bet, and there may be a nice little romance hidden behind it all. But that's not the subject of the story. Enough it is to know that he says that from that day to this he has never glanced into a mirror—or, in fact, at any surface that would cast his reflection—and those who know him well do not hesitate to say that this is undoubtedly so.

"It was a little inconvenient at first, I must admit," he said to me the other day, "for I knew my hair wasn't parted well, and that my necktie must be all askew. But after a few days the awkwardness passed away, and you may easily imagine that at this time the last thing I ever think of is looking into a mirror."

He has been shaved in a barber shop in an up town street off Broadway for many years, and his peculiarity is known to all the barbers. He was in the proprietor's chair one day, and his eyes were closed. The man of razors took a small hand glass, held it close to his face and suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, look!"

But that was an old game to his customer. Keeping his eyelids shut, he turned his face to one side, cautiously opened one eye and then slowly moved his head until he could see that the barber held something in his hand.

"I guess not," he said as he put out his hand and shoved the glass aside. "I have been tried that way too often in the last 17 years to be caught now."

He has gone to the same tailor for years, and he never looks at himself as he dons a new suit. His tailor knows what he wants, is aware that some of his friends would inform him if his garments did not fit him as they should, and in addition to all this feels that he is put on his honor to do the right thing by a customer who puts faith in him. And no one can truthfully say that he is not a well dressed man. So it is also with his hatter. He looks at the style of the hat he desires to wear after having made a careful selection, but he leaves it all to the tradesman and to his friends as to whether in shape and otherwise it is suitable to his face.

"What has all this taught you?"

"That a man can do many things, if he will, which may seem almost impossible to him at first blush. It has helped me in many ways. I was a very heavy smoker, 12 or 15 cigars a day being my average. My doctor asked me to stop on the first of the year and not to smoke until Feb. 1. I did it without any trouble. No, it was not a New Year's resolution, and probably that was the reason it was not broken. After the first month he told me I could have a cigar after each meal, and I don't eat more than three meals a day."

"When the 20 years is passed, will you look into a mirror?"

"I will indeed, and I think I will take more pleasure out of it then than if I had been looking at myself all the time."

"Does the lady with whom you made the wager know how you have kept your vow?"

"Now, now, my boy. Well, I don't mind telling you that she does, and that she has often asked me why I did not give up my foolish resolution. But I said it was for 20 years, and it will be if I can make it so."

"And what will you win from the lady?"

"Ah, that is entre nous."—New York Herald.

A Gloomy Prospect.

Mr. Finemind—My dear, my scientific works are bringing me in a fortune, and we will soon be rich.

Mrs. Finemind—Too bad. Now we will have to associate with a lot of nobodies who inherited their wealth.—New York Weekly.

A man is wise when he seeks wisdom; a knave when he thinks he has acquired it.—Fontenelle.

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Miscellaneous.

Harper's Magazine. IN 1895.

The Simpletons, a new novel by THOMAS HARDY, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

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An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt.

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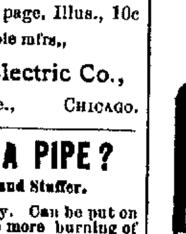

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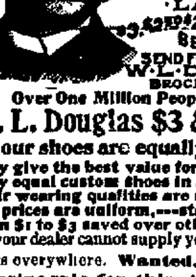

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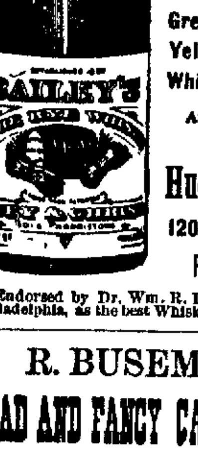

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